

The TATLER

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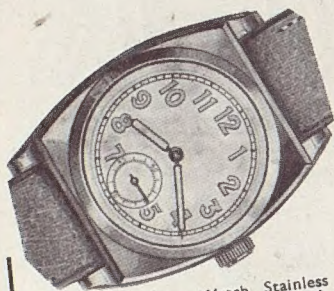
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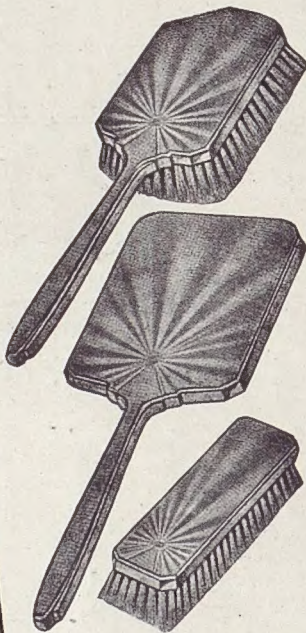
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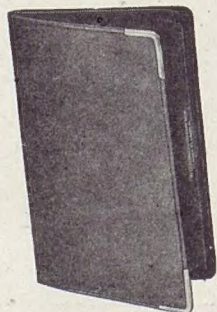
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THE TATLER

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Portrait of a Leader—Mr. Winston Churchill

Cecil Beaton

Mr. Churchill seldom sits to a photographer, which makes this fine study of the Prime Minister at his Downing Street desk the more notable. Here is the face of a great leader, a face in which is written the qualities he demands above all others from the people he leads—courage and the kind of deadly determination to get on with the job from which heroism springs. Mr. Churchill celebrated his sixty-sixth birthday a week or two back. About the same time another Winston Churchill appeared on the family records, when his son's son, seven weeks old, was christened. This now most famous name also appears three times in the autumn book lists, Sir George Arthur, Robert Sencourt and Hugh Martin having just published biographical studies of the Prime Minister



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Mussolini Was Warned

BADOGGIO's resignation from his post as Chief of the Italian General Staff is now past history. Yet it seems to me one of the most significant features of the Italian military collapse. Its repercussions may well hasten the fall of Mussolini from the position of power which he has held throughout the Fascist revolution. It will tend to unite the best elements in the army with the Royal House and the Catholic Church in an attempt to reverse the engines which have been driving the Italian ship of state at breakneck speed towards the rocks.

The late Chief of Staff cared nothing for Mussolini. In his office he did not have so much as a single portrait of the Duce. On countless occasions he has pointed out to the head of the Government the perils of the course on which he was set. In 1939, when it was becoming clear to all that Germany would go to war that very summer, it was Badoglio who went to Mussolini and told him bluntly that the Italian Army was in no state to enter a European war.

It was short of much essential equipment and was already war-weary after the campaigns in East Africa and Spain. The air force was deficient in modern planes, and the only safe course to follow was to strengthen the Brenner defences and try to sit tight. The country, in general, did not have the reserves for war, nor had she the means to obtain them.

Ciano's Trip to Salzburg

AT the time we all knew that Badoglio had powerful supporters in the line he was taking. Perhaps the most important was the Prince of Piedmont, but King Victor Emmanuel himself was of a similar mind, though perhaps more strongly under the influence of Mussolini. The best of the Italian officer class held the same views, although the introduction of many young Fascists into the junior ranks of the

army made for a certain sharp division of opinion.

Pope Pius made no secret of his own profound convictions in those last months of his life and the bulk of the Italian people, devoutly Catholic, knew and shared the wishes of Il Papa. Even Count Ciano, until lately completely "sold" on the Germans, had been persuaded by his friends and the British Ambassador, Sir Percy Lorraine, that he was being used as a tool by the Nazis, who would cast him aside when he could be of no further use.

For all of these things Mussolini cared nothing. His wagon was hitched to Hitler's star, and he believed that Italy was strong enough to guide its path. But Badoglio's report came like a cold douche. And so it was that when Count Ciano was haled to Salzburg a few weeks before the German march into Poland, he was rudely snubbed when he urged Germany to stay her hand, then declared that Italy would remain "non-belligerent."



American Eagle Squadron Entertained

The first American squadron of the R.A.F., known as the Eagle Squadron, composed of American volunteer airmen, was entertained at luncheon by the Overseas League. Major Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M.P. (second from right) greets some of the guests, P/O Robert Sweeny, P/O C. G. Peterson, Mr. Charles Sweeny and P/O Kolindorski. The three pilot officers are all members of the Eagle Squadron. P/O Robert Sweeny, the well-known golfer and his brother, Mr. Charles Sweeny, are nephews of Colonel Charles Sweeny, founder of the Squadron.

Abandoned to His Fate

MUSSOLINI must now be looking somewhat ruefully at the clauses of the Italo-German Alliance, so proudly concluded in the spring of 1939, which pledged each party to go to the help of the other in pursuit of their common policy. Perhaps Mussolini has never really believed that Hitler's policy was to squeeze Italian influence right out of Europe. If he did not believe it before he probably knows it now.

Italy is not in the least likely to be rescued by Germany from her present grave predicament. It suits Germany perfectly well to allow events to develop along the present lines. Italy can now hardly hope to escape partial occupation by Germany, whether in the guise of troops sent in to "stiffen the Italian Army," or in the more brutal form of forces "to restore order" when the incipient rebellion reported from many parts of Northern Italy has broken out under further hammer blows from the Allies.

I have little doubt that

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Lord Strabolgi and Mrs. C. H. Hunt

Red Cross and Ambulance units were entertained together with the American Eagle Squadron at the Overseas Luncheon. Lord Strabolgi, Chief Labour Whip in the House of Lords, sat next Captain Mrs. C. H. Hunt, M.T.C., in charge of the Anglo-American Ambulance Unit



Mrs. J. R. Bryans and Mr. John Wilmot, M.P.

The Overseas League luncheons are becoming a popular part of London's wartime life. Mrs. J. R. Bryans, who was representing the British Red Cross, had Mr. John Wilmot, Labour M.P. for the Kennington Division of Lambeth, as her next door neighbour. Mr. Wilmot served in the Royal Naval Air Service in the last war

Claire Boothe Speaks for Democracy

Claire Boothe and her husband, Henry Luce, are by no means the least influential couple in the United States. He publishes three of America's best known magazines, "Time," "Life" and "Fortune." She is a journalist in her own right and a playwright with a considerable reputation. So when she makes a public speech her audience is large and attentive. When these pictures were taken she was addressing thousands of leaders of women's organisations who assembled in New York to hear her speak on democracy and why it is worth preserving. Both Miss Boothe and her husband were in Europe this year.

He travelled through Italy, France, England, Holland and Belgium only a few weeks before the Battle of Flanders. She was still in Brussels when the Germans invaded Belgium, and had a rough and difficult trip by car back to Paris. Her reporting on what she saw and thought appeared soon afterwards in "Life." Claire Boothe as a playwright is known over here for "The Women," and for an anti-Nazi comedy called "Margin For Error," which was produced in London last August, with Margaretta Scott and Hartley Power in it. Another of her plays, seen only in America, is "Kiss the Boys Good-bye"



Before she went far with her speech, she took off her hat



As her enthusiasm mounted, her platform listeners become more thoughtful



Her audience was an all-women one

Way of the War

(Continued from page 462)

Badoglio resigned because he would not agree to accept "German stiffening" but wished, instead to withdraw the army from Albania in the hope of reforming it during the winter. Mussolini has tried to compromise, by providing his own starch, in the form of Fascist militia battalions. Time will show whether the Black Shirts can save him, and incidentally themselves, for further enjoyment of the sweets of power.

No Franco-German Pact

A good deal of publicity was given in Berlin to the fact that M. Laval was coming on a visit to see Hitler. But within a few days it was announced that meeting would not now take place. In the words of the official Spanish news agency, which should be in a position to know the German mind, "all Franco-German collaboration in Germany's struggle with Britain has been postponed." Next it was reported that Marshal Pétain as well as Laval was going to Berlin.

Collaboration was obviously to take the form of putting the French fleet to sea in support of the German effort to strangle the British Isles. I have lately been hearing something about the attitude of the French naval crews. The burden of this was that the French sailors would neither hand over their ships to the Germans or take them to sea for the objects named. The greatest risk was that, through the treachery of M. Laval and some of his associates, the Frenchmen might be brought ashore at, say, Toulon and put into barracks, on some pretext or another, then find that their ships were in German occupation.

In these circumstances it is nothing short of criminal that nothing is being done to bring about better and warmer relations between British and French sailors in British ports. People who have been living in these places give extremely unhappy reports on the state of affairs which has been allowed to develop, due, I suppose, to some lack of confidence in sending the French ships to sea with the British fleet. As a result the men are getting thoroughly bored and disgruntled. Mr. A. V. Alexander ought to look into this situation.

Sir Frederick Breaks Silence

ONE of the most surprising of recent international events has taken place without anybody commenting on its most interesting feature. Sir Frederick Phillips, Third Joint Secretary of the British Treasury, on arrival in the United States for the review of British assets, made a statement to reporters, allowed himself to be interviewed, and answered quite a lot of questions.

Sir Frederick justly enjoys the reputation for having one of the clearest and most brilliant brains in the Treasury. But he is also widely known as the perfect example of the human oyster. He hardly ever speaks at all. The sight of a newspaper man fills him with alarm and dismay. To be interviewed by a band of highly skilled American "newshawks" must have been the most alarming experience of a long and highly responsible career. Somehow I cannot resist the suspicion that the actual discussion was conducted by his younger colleague, Mr. Eddie Playfair.

During the Ottawa Conference, on one of those steamy hot nights that the Canadian capital can produce in late August, I remember pacing the terrace outside the Chateau Laurier hotel with Sir Frederick Phillips and Sir William Brown, now Permanent Head of the Board of Trade. In those days, eight years ago both answered to plain "Mr." and under the encouraging influence of "Billy" Brown, Mr. Phillips was eventually persuaded



Small Alert

There is a tiny village in Berkshire with no siren of its own, but it gets a warning—sometimes—when enemy planes are about, as this young gentleman rides round on his skewbald pony and blows his trumpet to put fellow citizens on the alert

to make some contributions to the conversation—studiously avoiding Treasury matters. Once the ice was broken he revealed himself to have a nice sense of humour, contrasting rather surprisingly with a decidedly stolid exterior.

Perhaps fairly prolonged absences from the Treasury, much of them recently spent in the United States, has broken down something of the traditional tight-lipped attitude of the Third Joint Secretary.

(Concluded on page 494)



Journalist and Politician

Viscount Castlerosse and Reginald Purbrick, M.P., met the photographer outside a Park Lane hotel. Lord Castlerosse, besides writing for the "Sunday Express," is a director of Lord Beaverbrook's group of papers. Mr. Purbrick has been Unionist M.P. for the Walton Division of Liverpool since 1929



Diplomat Broadcaster

Sir Robert Vansittart has been in the news for his broadcasts on the overseas service on "Germany, Past and Present." He set out to show "that if Germany, after a long and unbroken record of evil doing, is ever to cease to be a curse to herself and to every one else, she will have to undergo the most thorough spiritual cure in history; and part of at least that cure will have to be self-administered." But how the cure is to be brought about he did not very clearly suggest. Sir Robert Vansittart has been Chief Diplomatic Adviser to the Government since 1938, and for eight years before that was Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs



Lady Denham

Lady Denham, formerly the Hon. Daphne Freeman-Mitford, is the daughter of the late Lord Redesdale and sister of the present baron. She was married in 1919 to the then Captain George Edward Wentworth Bowyer, M.P. for Buckingham. Lord and Lady Denham have two sons: the Hon. Richard Lawrence Grenville Bowyer in the R.A.F., and the Hon. Bertram Stanley Mitford Bowyer, who is only thirteen years old. They have also a daughter, the Hon. Peggy Bowyer, born in 1925. Their home, Denham Lodge, Weston Underwood, is near Olney in Buckinghamshire.

Photographs by Hay Wrightson

Lord and Lady Denham

A Pillar of the
Conservative Party and
His Good-looking Wife

Lord Denham was created Baron Denham of Weston Underwood in 1937. He had previously been knighted in 1929, and was made a baronet in 1933. He was educated at Eton and New College, Oxford, and was called to the Bar in 1910. He became a captain in the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry during the last war, in which he was wounded, awarded the Military Cross and mentioned in dispatches. Since that time he has held many high appointments: he was Conservative Whip in the House of Commons from 1925 to 1935; Vice-Chairman of the Conservative Association for six years; Comptroller of His Majesty's Household in 1935 and was Member for Buckingham for nineteen years. He has been Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries since September, 1939.



Lord Denham

The Cinema

Notes and Notions: By James Agate

"How I should like to distil my disesteem of my contemporaries into prose so perfect that all of them would have to read it!" So says that exquisite writer, "Trivia" Smith. It is not the remark I was searching for in his book. But there it is, like a lovely lost thing re-discovered in a rummaged drawer.

Somewhere else he has an aphorism about boredom, which is what I was trying to find: "We are all bores to somebody: I was explaining this to a friend, at some length, when over his eyes I was startled to see a dull, uninterested glaze." Mr. Smith, of course, phrases it better than that, but he seems to have removed the remark from the later *Trivia* which is all I now possess.

There remain other perfectly shaped statements on the subject: "When we talk politely of new books with a new acquaintance, what abysses may yawn in drawing-rooms between us! But what festivals of unanimity we celebrate when we meet what I call a 'Milver'—a fellow fanatic whose thoughts chime in a sweet ecstasy of execration with our own!"

MY point is that I have been seeing quite a lot of boredom's glaze in the eyes of cinema potentates lately. The other day at luncheon I overheard a celebrated actor telling one such that he ought to film the late William Bolitho's masterly book *Murder for Profit*, making a new kind of *Waxworks* out of it, omitting the

most unspeakable of the five murder cases, but retaining Burke and Hare, Tropmann, George Frederick Smith, and Landru, who should all re-enact their crimes in the brain of someone locked up for the night in the Chamber of Horrors.

The episodes would be marvellously varied in period and atmosphere, and given a director with a scrap of imagination the result could hardly avoid being the best horror film since *M* or *Waxworks* itself.

Yet the magnate to my astonishment was almost monumentally uninterested. He interrupted the brilliant notion to say: "Pass the anchovy sauce!"

And now I suppose some enchanting young woman at the hairdresser's will see the above paragraph, purchase Bolitho, hand it to our magnate, be told that her idea is "swell," and be given pearls for her inspiration. May I tell the enchantress that at the same time I ought to have a box of cigars, and Mr. Gielgud two boxes?

LAST time I came directly upon a film potentate I gave him some less brilliant but still quite fresh ideas of my own. Why, said I in effect, do you maul and mangle classics like *Pride and Prejudice*, and completely ignore whatever Wilkie Collins' book it is that contains Count Fosco, to play whom Nature obviously created Charles Laughton? Incidentally, if this idea should ever permeate to Hollywood, I expect a ship

load of cigars, specially conveyed, and all for my unimportant, helpful self.

The magnate on this occasion stopped my utterance with a single cigar, one far stronger than I like. Between you and me I don't think he had ever heard of Wilkie Collins.

A MORE obvious and up-to-date idea, which I hand to all the studios in England without hope of gratitude or even acknowledgment, is that a film ought to be made of *Dear Octopus*.

This immensely popular Dodie Smith play has been laid up in cold storage ever since the war started in earnest. It was produced during a crisis, survived two others, and continued through the tamer stages of the present disagreement. It is homely, sane, and very English. (The film magnates, I see, are not interested.) It is by no means a great work of art. (The film magnates, I note, prick up their ears.) Dame Marie Tempest is twiddling her thumbs in a country hotel, and the rest of the cast could easily be re-assembled or else recruited from the hundreds of good unemployed actresses who find they cannot nurse or drive ambulance vans for toffee.

This particular idea, being as plain as the nose on any film magnate's face, has not, it seems, occurred to any one but me.

As far as I can make out the ruling principle of film production is never to spend a shilling where a hundred pounds will do. Or a hundred pounds if you can possibly get rid of a thousand.

Now I have a suggestion to make which will not be carried out because of its very cheapness. This is that some film magnate should go round the book boxes of Charing Cross Road and therein fish for my reprinted dramatic criticisms for the period of 1923-40. If my arithmetic is correct, and I can still count, there are ten volumes in all, at least seven of which can be picked up for threepence.

No, reader, I am not trying to boost myself. There is nothing of value that any film magnate can give me except money, and I am not suggesting that a film should be made out of these volumes. What I do not suggest, hint, or whisper but say straight out is that these books give the plot of every play produced in London during the last seventeen years.

LET us take one volume at random, the one called *The Amazing Theatre*. This deals with the period June 1937, to July 1939. Among the plays there dealt with are *Time and the Conways* (current intellectuality), *Wanted for Murder* (good thriller), *Bonnet Over the Windmill* (domesticity à la mode), *Autumn* (Joan Crawford stuff), *Mourning Becomes Electra* (all right if you make it last five hours), *Heaven and Charing Cross* (thriller with strong mother-interest), *The Corn is Green* (but so are cinema audiences), *They Walk Alone* (probably a walk-over) and *Design for Living* (sure-fire with a different plot and fresh dialogue).

All the film magnate has to do is to get hold of some young man who can read and make him sort out the likely plots from seventeen years of theatre. "But," whines the magnate, "how is my young man to know what your books are called?"

That's easy. All the young man has to do is to write to me, and I'll give him the titles. "Ah," whimpers the magnate, "you want me to find somebody who can write as well as read?"

In which difficulty, plus a beaker of Napoleon brandy, I must leave him.



"Brother Orchid" at the Warner Theatre

Edvard G. Robinson, who gave a magnificent performance as the German scientist in "Magic Bullet," is now playing the lead in a new film at the Warner Theatre, directed by Lloyd Bacon. He takes the part of Little John Sarto, a mobster, who after being nearly killed by Buck (Humphrey Bogart), a former gangster friend, is rescued by some monks who call him "Brother Orchid." Ann Sothern plays feminine lead as Flo Adams, John's girl friend, a hat check girl in a smart night club



The Crazy Gang in "Gasbags"

Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox, Naughton and Gold have all got into a film called "Gasbags"—director Marcel Varnel. They start by being balloon-barrage men, get carried to France by their balloon, and the next thing is Teddy Knox is doubling for Hitler, with Flanagan white-suited as Mussolini, and the rest of the gang as bodyguard. Moore Marriott is their driver. This piece of Crazy Gang nonsense looks like stealing Charlie Chaplin's dictator thunder; anyway it has been put on first—at the New Gallery

Crazy Combinations

A British Gang : American Brothers and Sisters



The Ritz Brothers in "Argentine Nights"



The Andrews Sisters

Three Ritz Brothers—Al, Harry and Jimmy—and three Andrews Sisters—Maxene, Patsy and Laverne—are all teamed up in "Argentine Nights." Besides their fooling, singing and dancing, there is a bit of a love story thrown in, with Constance Moore and George Reeves playing it. This lowbrow entertainment (directed by Albert S. Rogell) came all the way from Hollywood to the Odeon, Leicester Square, and arrived there last Sunday

The Theatre

Anglo-Polish Ballet (Apollo):

By Herbert Farjeon

THESE Anglo-Persian Ballets are divided (as all Gaul used to be, and now, alas! as all Gaul once more is) into three parts, beginning (as so many ballet programmes do) with that miracle of tremulous formalities, *Les Sylphides*. Than this no ballet in the whole catalogue of ballet is more exquisite or more rigorously exacting. One feels that for a perfect performance every coryphée should be a star in the making, subduing her ambitions to the quality of the composition. But I am afraid that during the performance of *Les Sylphides* at the Apollo I picked out quite a lot of coryphées who will have their work cut out to become stars. Not that I should have been picking any one out at all. But that, I submit, was their fault rather than mine.

THE backcloth, depicting a rather blatant period edifice of little beauty and ample proportions—capable, it seemed, of accommodating the whole company when they went back to class, and rented for that purpose—wasn't much of a help. The lighting, too, was unimaginative and unmoony—and if ever lighting should be imaginative and moony, this is when. The best thing in the performance was M. Rassiné, who danced almost well enough to justify a slight misprint. But, on the whole, *Les Sylphides* whetted less the appetite than the apprehensions.

Apprehensions which, I am happy to record, were not fulfilled.

THE divertissements which followed were considerably better. A *Satire Espagnole* was presented with spirit by a sextet in which Miss Joy Camden (whom watch) delightfully predominated. M. Rovi Pavinoff in the twittering *Blue Bird* was unexceptionable from the hips downward.

And among the loveliest things that I have seen in thirty years of well-controlled balletomania were the flowing movements of



Lelia Russel
and her
mirrored
reflection



Alexis Rassiné in
"Cracow Wedding"

Sketches by
Kay Ambrose



Rovi Pavinoff in
"Cracow Wedding"

Mlle. Alicia Halama as she responded to the strains of a Schubert waltz. This I could see every day for a week and remember every week for a year. It is, indeed, for moments such as these that one suffers willingly a thousand disappointments in the theatre. Suddenly, the thing happens—the thing itself—one is up in heaven. With *Schubertiana* another classic has arrived in London.

To conclude the programme came a rather protracted but quite efficient peasant riot, *Cracow Wedding*, with dazzling decor best viewed, perhaps,

through sun glasses. Romping peasant stuff. But with me a little romping peasant stuff goes a long way—and a lot a little. Unless it attains the quality of *Sacré de Printemps* (with Nijinsky's, not Nijinska's choreography, which, after all, didn't romp), snip, snap, and over is as good as a feast. I admire the vigour, I admire the technique, I wish they would stop now, the feet stamp, they certainly do it very well, the heels click, of course it is great fun, the hips cock, but why go on any longer unless to show that the dancers are inexhaustible, which I am not.

THIS Anglo-Polish alliance in art, begotten of alliance in war, suggests other offspring which might now make a timely appearance in the theatre.

An Anglo-Norwegian season of plays, which is another way of saying Ibsen in English, would stand a chance of receiving patriotic support in addition to the usual trickle of discerning Ibsen enthusiasts. Even if it didn't, any excuse is good enough for reviving *Rosmersholm* or *The Wild Duck*.

Similarly, as any excuse is good enough for reviving the *Oedipus Tyrannus* or the *Trojan Women*, an Anglo-Greek season wouldn't be at all a bad idea.

At the same time, let us remember that art does not become good or bad, desirable or undesirable, according to our agreement or disagreement with the political outlook of the rulers of the countries producing it. Bach is not the less Bach because Hitler is Hitler. Botticelli is not the less Botticelli because Mussolini is Mussolini.

The statement that art has no frontiers is, of course, a wild exaggeration, especially where language is concerned. But the best of our enemies is better than the worst of our friends. And wise men take the best of whatever they can get.



Florence Read in "Satire Espagnole"



"Twelfth Night": Rosalind Iden is Olivia, and Olga Edwardes as Viola plays Cesario with gallantry and wit, in the scenes from "Twelfth Night," which are part of the lunch-time repertoire



"Twelfth Night": Worrall Thompson is Sir Andrew Aguecheek, C. W. Anson is Sir Toby Belch, Donald Wolfit is Malvolio, and Mary Pitcher is Maria. Miss Pitcher has also made a great success of Audrey in "As You Like It." Wolfit's Malvolio is the vainest, most mincing coxcomb imaginable. These four and Miss Iden and Miss Edwardes are all permanent members of this versatile, hard-working company

Lunch-time Shakespeare

Donald Wolfit's Brave Venture at the Strand Theatre

"Hamlet": Rosalind Iden and Donald Wolfit rehearse the "Get thee to a nunnery" scene below. Miss Iden's Ophelia is considered by experienced theatregoers to be one of the best performances in recent years of this often inadequately played part



Shakespeare at the Strand will, if Donald Wolfit achieves his ambition, become a permanent feature of London's wartime life. He believes that the capital of the British Commonwealth of Nations ought to keep one theatre open where the words of our national poet can be heard every day. Fifty-four lunch-time performances at a shilling a seat discovered a good many people who agree with Mr. Wolfit, if not in theory, at least with his excellent practice. Next Monday a new season opens with *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, when Violet and Irene Vanbrugh, guest artists, will play the Wives, and Wolfit will make his first appearance as Falstaff



"As You Like It": on the right, Peggy Livesey, a guest artist and an ambulance driver, rehearses Rosalind with Donald Wolfit (Home Guard) as Touchstone and Rosalind Iden as Celia

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

"The Merchant of Venice": Shylock is perhaps finest of the seven roles Wolfit has so far played at the Strand. He has, incidentally, a masterly hand at make-up. Below on the right are the Bassanio and Portia of his company—Robert Eddison, a guest artist, and Rosalind Iden



Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Personalities

MRS. RONALD GREVILLE embodies a tradition, and in a time when everyone is to some degree diffident, harassed, with their energies dissipated by the difficulties of life, she seems as a personality rather more than life-size, having come triumphantly straight through from a past in which society was society, and there was all the time, and space, and sunshine that pleasure required.

She is a great figure from a great past, with the most marvellous, spanking confidence and drive. No fear, no fear at all: the spirit of which smashing victories are made, which includes decisive intolerance where intolerance is due. Such gaiety and charm and lovely jewels—including an enormous diamond ring, diamond shaped as on a playing-card—and a general interest, enthusiasm, and gusto that few people succeed in carrying so far along their lives, and despite the encroachment of physical disabilities.

Those were the days, indeed, and Mrs. Greville is very much more than an echo of them; in fact, a vigorous representative of something it is reviving to recall.

Lady Astor

ANOTHER example of female vigour. It is odd how few women can achieve things without being perpetually aware of

what they have done, and of themselves as personalities. Lady Astor is, of course, out on her own, and great fun to listen to.

She has just taken to riding a motor-bicycle, and says that she would like to be a Spitfire pilot. At an Overseas League luncheon to the American Eagle Squadron, at which Mrs. Greville was also a guest, she spoke like a spitfire. The Germans, she said with truth, could never scare us. They might kill every inhabitant of our islands, but never intimidate one. Clippin' her "g's" like mad, she declared everyone's gratitude to the Eagle Squadron, and to the American Ambulance people; gratitude that cannot be overstated.

The Occasion

THE occasion was as festive as ever, and crowds of people were there. Captain Harold Balfour spoke, too, long and informatively, and was, of course, the right person for an Air purpose like this.

Lord Strabolgi, whose name is so hard to disentangle from that volcano that bobs up in the middle of the sea near Sicily, turned up, and Lady Alexandra Haig was in neat nurse's uniform. There was a whole bevy of girls who drive the posh American ambulances, picked, I understand, for all-round qualities, including glamour, at a special audition beforehand, and

Brigadier General Scanlon, American Air Attaché, and Mrs. Scanlon, who are both so charming.

Lady Davidson is a nice woman, J.P., and there were lots of men ones too, including Mr. Hamilton Kerr, Major Milner, Sir Robert Young, Mr. John Wilmot, and Mr. H. W. Butcher.

Mr. Daniel B. Grant is chairman of the American Red Cross in Great Britain, and the people from the American Embassy included Mr. Herschel J. Johnston, Chargé d'Affairs, Mr. Walter McKinney, Commander Hitchcock, and Mr. C. Grant Isaacs.

Dancing

PEOPLE get out and about increasingly, and even on a Saturday night lots can be found dancing, or looking on. Captain "Jumbo" Jolliffe is a person one gets to know by sight quite quickly; he fills a corner of a restaurant effectively, and maitres d'hôtel are inclined to use him, like florists their larger plants, for banking up background.

It is fun to see a good head waiter dress a restaurant with the human material that comes in, delicately distributing the beauties and philosophically disposing of the drearies, while the celebrities are, as it were, embossed in gilt.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ward come in very handy for foreground stuff. She was Miss Pauline Winn, and looked extremely cute with red bows in her hair and sequin pockets on her dinner-dress.

Mrs. Claude Leigh emerged from ermine and diamonds with hair clambering upwards to the stars.

Young Lord Rosslyn seems to enjoy dancing, Sir Ralph Hare looking on, and probably Mr. Robert Byron prefers eating.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hanké (the former Miss June Child) were together, with a party, while Miss Rosemary Kerr



W. Dennis Moss

A Christening in Gloucestershire

The baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Pitman, of Newton Priory, Glos., was christened Celia Geraldine by the Rev. W. H. Llewellyn, Chaplain to the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars, in which regiment Mr. Stuart Pitman is serving. In this group are Lady Stanier, wife of Sir Alexander Stanier, D.S.O., of Peplow Hall, Hodnet, and sister of Mrs. Stuart Pitman, who was godmother by proxy for the Hon. Mrs. R. Hamilton-Russell; the Rev. W. H. Llewellyn; Lady Apsley, daughter-in-law of Earl Bathurst, a godmother; Mrs. Stuart Pitman, holding Celia Geraldine; Mr. Stuart Pitman; Mr. John Miller, Welsh Guards, godfather; also two spaniels, Tulip and Toffee



Another in Yorkshire

Serena Jane Dundas, granddaughter of the Marquess of Zetland and daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ronaldshay, was christened Serena Jane in the private chapel at Aske Hall, Richmond. Here Lady Ronaldshay, formerly Miss Penelope Pike, arrives at the chapel with the baby and her son, Lawrence Mark, Lord Dundas, born in 1937. Lord Ronaldshay is serving in Palestine



Bassano

A Son for Mrs. Samuel Gurney

Mrs. Gurney, before her marriage to Mr. Samuel Gurney, third son of the late Sir Eustace Gurney, of Walsingham Abbey, Norfolk; was Alexandra Victoria Seymour, daughter of Mr. Richard and Lady Victoria Seymour. Her father held important diplomatic posts at The Hague, in Siam, and in Bolivia. Her son was born on December 4th, at Letheringset, Holt, Norfolk



Bertram Park

Miss Lavender Glyn Engaged

The younger daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel A. St. Leger Glyn, Grenadier Guards, and of Mrs. Ramsay, Holbrook Hall, Sudbury, Suffolk, Miss Lavender Glyn has announced her engagement to Pilot Officer the Hon. William Richard Christopher Boyle Parker, second son of the Earl and Countess of Macclesfield



Dorothy Wilding

A Daughter for Mrs. E. Butler-Henderson

Mrs. Edward Butler-Henderson's daughter was born last month at Facombe Manor, Andover, the home of her father-in-law, the Hon. Eric Butler-Henderson, uncle of Lord Faringdon. She was married in 1939 to Captain Edward Butler-Henderson, Bucks and Berks Yeomanry, and is the only daughter of Mr. H. G. Dacres Dixon, of Glenculloo Lodge, Killoscully, Co. Tipperary

entertained representatives of the Army and Navy.

Flying Man

MR. TOBY CHARLTON was in the R.F.C. in the last war, and has resumed operations in the R.A.F. in this one. On the ground, this time, though, as befits his profuse but greying hair. Like Grimes, in Evelyn Waugh's *Decline and Fall*, he is of the immortals, and can be relied upon to crop up, representative of the system that never lets a chap down, when and where cheer and conviviality (not to say morale) are needed.

Sir Charles and Lady Portal, who stand for so much in this entirely vital air battle, were in London too on Saturday night. Lady Portal has that gentle charm that is the very best variety:

Woman in Uniform

MISS DIANA NAPIER, equally well known as Mrs. Richard Tauber—what fun it must be to have two famous names!—looks both sturdy and seductive in khaki, with "Poland" written commandingly on her shoulder. A night or two later she appeared in dainty black, with a lavish bunch of lilies of the valley poised to the forefront of her red hair, to prove to readers of the women's pages in the papers that it is possible to be both feminine and useful. A nice little dachshund is a member of her entourage.

Before Dinner

MR. BELLEW-NORTON, smally and smartly hatted, was enjoying a few drinks with a few friends the other evening. Among the latter was Mr. Rollins of America, firm occupant of the water-wagon (which seems to imply overdoses, if such a thing is possible, of vitamins, at this time in the evening in the form of tomato-juice).

A little way down the street (or lane, if a thoroughfare like Park Lane can really be justified in such deprecation), Wing Commander and Mrs. Beaumont were at-home with a reassuring selection of drinks. Sir Joseph Addison, late representative of

this country in Prague, was sitting back in a nice armchair in front of the real coal fire. The least attribute of our real tip-top diplomats is their ability to talk enough to prevent any of les inconnus from making fools of themselves.

Secret Rooms

MOST of the big hotels have discovered, and smartened up, some previously unconsidered place lurking somewhere in their depths. Here their night life flourishes, while the grand grills, restaurants and lounges preserve an eerie emptiness.

But everyone knows that something pretty purposeful is going on somewhere. Long, deserted passages—perhaps a sinister hotel servant directing you along them—stairs down, sudden bits of naked brick wall, and grubby little doors giving on to goodness knows what. Then, suddenly, there is a burst of music, and there everybody is, making merry just as usual in the new quarters where, perhaps, provisions used to be stored.

Chez the River

AT the Savoy, the place in question is called The River Room. Probably it always was a party-room, but the way to it is sufficiently long-drawn-out and varied to work up the right ominous atmosphere of approach.

There was a popular evening there for Thanksgiving Dinner, an American festivity, as everyone knows. Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden were dining with Mr. Whitelaw Reid of the *New York Herald Tribune*, Mrs. Eden, wearing black lace with a coral necklace.

Other members of the American Press celebrated at a private party given by Mr. Raymond Daniell of the *New York Times*.

Black was the chief colour on the dance-floor, with a tendency to gay embossing with silver braid, sequins, and beads.

Christmas Shopping

I SUPPOSE, in the interests of National Economy and only necessary spending, everyone ought to be exchanging things like tubes of tooth-paste, tins of soup, and shoe-cleaning materials this Christmas.

Observant aunts should sneak into bathrooms and note prevailing brands of tooth-paste, hungry nephews could turn in their own favourite soups, with suitable fragments of cellophane and holly tape hanging them about, while aspiring young men could attach their cards to tubes of shoe-cream, saying: "Darling, keep your blue shoes bright for me."

In one big store I saw a delightfully overdressed doll, of the sort some people have been known to employ as extra decoration to their sofa cushions, wearing proudly around her neck the placard: "Useful Gift."

Entertainments

MUSIC, having come back, is keeping going triumphantly, and there was a big crowd to hear the London Symphony Orchestra giving a Beethoven programme on Saturday at the Queen's Hall. Miss Myra Hess was soloist, and Mr. Basil Cameron conducted.

An interesting new English film-actor is Mr. Michael Wilding, who appears in the jolly schoolboy film *Sailors Three*. Mr. Wilding lives at Brill, near Oxford, when he has time, and is an engaging young man, faintly like Mr. Beverley Nichols.

Reading remains the easiest and cheapest entertainment, to be had without moving from home, or even bed, for the lucky ones who have breakfast there, or can get there early at night. All the same, publishers complain freely of the bad effect of the war on their trade. Then one is told that it isn't that people aren't reading, but they have returned to the classics. Of these, Proust's eight-volume *Remembrance of Times Past* seems fairly apropos a social column; as a minute study of a bygone social system, as well as of love.

It is a great comfort to mothers when someone like Mr. T. S. Eliot writes a book for children, and makes all the difference to those maternal periods of reading aloud. I should think there will be a mad rush for his cat book, illustrated by Nicholas Bentley.

Letter From America

By Pamela Murray

A Big Disappointment

CHARLIE CHAPLIN's *Dictator* is the biggest flop in New York. After a much-heralded double premiere, a personal appearance by Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin (who live apart), and an almost unanimously enthusiastic Press, the public decided to stay away. This un-sheep-like disobedience (also manifested in the Election) demonstrates that what Uncle James Agate wrote of a London play about Hitler at least a year ago is truer than ever to-day: "I just personally don't see that you can write a full-length burlesque about, say, the Plague, when the Plague is an actual visitation."

Some of the sequences are funny, but only just. Farce, tragedy, satire and knock-about will not mix, even with Chaplin as chief alchemist. Too many shots look like any picture of Hitler in any newspaper, except that his swastikas are replaced on the screen by the sign of the double cross.

There is, however, one hilarious scene in which the Fuehrer and his gang have prepared a welcome at the railway station for Mussolini and wife "Mommer," who invariably gets left behind, trampled on, etc. The train, being typically Continental, does not draw up on the appointed spot; it shunts madly while the welcome committee rushes up and down the platform with the carpet, and the stout guests of honour are bowled over in the corridors, exactly like ninepins, that is, sideways.

Personally, I thought Mussolini Oakie stole the show from Adolf Chaplin, but there was not much to steal. The whole

thing has been overworked, both in real life and in Charlie's studio. It runs stale.

Party of the Year

MR. CONDÉ NAST, of various gilded publications, has had the reputation for thirty years or so of giving the best cocktail-party in the season. This year's was probably a vintage occasion, owing to the number of well-known aliens. The presence of each other's masks and the persistent tinkle of ice are the only security these seem to crave.

Mr. Nast's glass-house terrace, with its superb view of New York's twinkling skyscrapers, was used as a bar; his ballroom for conversation. Looking on the preponderance of exiled and self-exiled Europeans, I remarked drearily: "I'm beginning to feel like a White Russian"; to which Mr. John Moffat replied, in the unmistakable accent of the Kingdom of Fife: "Not me, lass."

There were some White and off-White Russians, because several smart American women have married them, and there was dimpled Lady Castlerosse, much annoyed by the news that her house in Venice has been taken by the authorities.

Others known to you were the Ormond Lawson-Johnsons (Betty's only child, Mrs. Jane Mason, has just married politician Hamilton, without the family blessing); John McMullin; Kitty Winn, Camillo Aldao, George Richard, "Jimmy" Beck, Baronin Eugene von Rothschild; and Mrs. Aileen Guinness Plunket, without a hat.

Of the American guests you may know Duncan Argyll Holmes, who hunted two years in Leicestershire; Beth Leary, of Biarritz; Mrs. Gilbert Miller and her father, the ever-merry "Busybee" Bache; and the Livingstones, an Old Guard couple with whom Maj. "Fruity" Metcalfe stayed when he accompanied the then Prince of Wales to Long Island.

There were packs of lovely women in extravagant furs and fur hats, and silly hats of all materials. They stood on Mr. Nast's Park Avenue doorstep, under a perfectly good awning, and complained they could not see their chauffeurs, who were circling the block like spinning tops, when parking space was no longer available. This peevishness would soon disappear in an air raid, I guess.

In Jamaican Sunshine

FROM the Caribbean I hear that popular "Bunt" Pease of Roundhill has recaptured his youth drilling the Volunteers; that the F. W. Robertson's eldest son (they have ten incredibly handsome children) has recovered from his wounds and is back with his squadron in England; and that Major "Jack" Gillespie, who was so well liked at Deauville, where he ran the golf, has arrived with his wife after many hazardous adventures, including their initial escape from Cannes in a coal-boat. Daughter Nora Gillespie has remained in Yorkshire with Constance Duchess of Westminster.

In Coloured Lights

JOHN BUCKMASTER is the rage as a cabaret entertainer.

Somerset Maugham is sincerely pleased with Bette Davis's performance in *The Letter*—she never lets an author down.

Diana Barrymore, youngest of the American stage's royal family, is playing her first lead in New York and getting oodles of publicity; true child of *The Great Profile* and of *Michael Strange*, who has lived up to her name.

Gloria Swanson passed up the chance to come back in a play, *Cue for Passion*, opposite Gladys Cooper's third husband, Philip Merrivale, and went on the same Caribbean cruise as the Irving Berlins.

Cyril Maude's daughter Margery is in *The Old Foolishness*, a play which Raymond Massey nearly did, but changed his mind. Mrs. John Maude, American-born wife of Cyril's barrister son, has brought their child over.

All proceeds from the Lunts' Canadian tour, including Robert Sherwood's royalties, went to Britain, and the first night of *Sarah Simple* to British War Relief.

Among the British

LORD BARNEY's bride is a perfectly lovely girl, Miss Banning Grange, of Philadelphia. He is here on Government business. His wife is a riding enthusiast, and looks very well in country clothes.

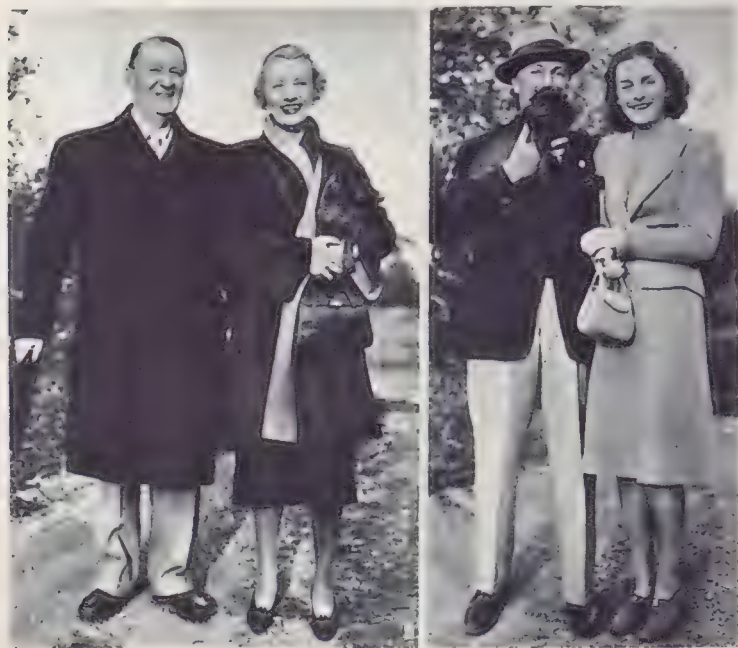
At the "Refugees of England, Inc.", Ball in mid-November, much scratch was raised by Lady Abingdon and Co. for the 100,000 refugees of seven nationalities now residing in England. Mrs. Jack Crawshaw (Anne Tyrell) was heavily involved in this, also Mrs. Carroll Carstairs and Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger, among many, many more.

The Social Side

THERE is rejoicing on Long Island because Colonel and Mme. Jacques Balsan (the Duke of Marlborough's stepfather and mother) have bought a house—the Ogden Mills's I believe—after looking at thirty-nine others. They cannot return to France. She was listed by the incoming Huns as a likely subject for ransom.

They looked for a house with twenty-foot ceilings and undeveloped policies where they could make a garden. These requirements did not go together, hence the long search, during which they were entertained at various informal dinners and lunch-parties. A gathering of less than thirty is still considered informal on Long Island.

The former U.S. Ambassador, Mr. Myron Taylor, and his wife (she arrayed in one of the ubiquitous knitted silk dresses, and an immense pair of slave ear-rings) gave a Sunday lunch-party at which Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt ("Grace") arrived only forty minutes late. This popular but unpunctual grande dame was easily beaten for once by Mrs. Harriet Pratt, who sailed in one hour after the advertised time.



Week-enders in the Ruralities of Long Island

Mr. and Mrs. John Moffat both do war work in New York, but were week-ending on Long Island. She was Fern King, of Philadelphia. He is an uncle of David Scrymgeour-Wedderburn, who recently married Mrs. Douglas Faulkner, Lord Herbert Scott's daughter, whose first husband was killed in Norway. The Moffats were pre-war St. Moritz regulars

The Duchess of Leinster only has one day a week off from her "Bundles for Britain" work, and was photographed on Long Island one Sunday with Robert Carter White. He is a cousin of Mildred Lady Gosford. His dachshund, to be in the prevailing New York fashion, wears a "Bundles for Britain" emblem on its collar



Anthony

A Study in Green Velvet—Diana Wynyard

Just the kind of lighthearted play London longs for is *No Time for Comedy*, written by the American dramatist, Sam Behrman, with the leading parts taken by Diana Wynyard and Rex Harrison. They were last seen on the stage together, triumphantly successful, in Noel Coward's *Design for Living* in the early part of 1939. *No Time for Comedy* will open in Blackpool on December 23, and will be seen in London later, Blitz and other such bothers permitting. It is a triangular story of a playwright, an actress and another woman. Diana Wynyard will shortly be seen in two new films, *Kipps*, with Michael Redgrave, and *An Empire Was Built*, a romantic drama based on the life of Disraeli, in which she will co-star with John Gielgud.

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

AIR MARSHAL SIR PHILIP JOUBERT DE LA FERTÉ'S two post-war alternatives if life on this globe is to be made worth living—namely (a) the abolition of aviation, or (b) the strict discipline of the same, are logical, as his French blood requires.

Abolition would be the less possible and more ideal. The aeroplane, as many foresaw, has turned out to be the most loathsome toy mankind ever invented for its own torment, and a very grim international monument might be erected to the Brothers Wright, not to speak of Leonardo da Vinci, who was a gentleman and should have known better, though in some ways the aeroplane is a typical Renaissance product, restless and ruthless.

Its good deeds are extremely few and almost entirely confined to the Arctic Circle, where it has certainly now and again carried spiritual and medical help in emergencies. Its most important peacetime occupations are rushing fat red business men round the world in the ignoble pursuit of money and enabling Hollywood actors' doubles to risk their miserable lives for a Roman spectacle.

Its other peacetime function is to defile the sweet summer sky by advertising Tumpo and Bongolene. It has never inspired a shred of noble verse, prose, music, painting, or sculpture—what could be sillier or more boring than the stuff the Futurist Marinetti used to write about it? It stinks in every key, as the frank but inaccurate little actress said of the Fifth Symphony, and mankind would be infinitely better off without it.

THE Internal Combustion Engine, which makes the aeroplane possible, might also go. Its main social function, after all, is to enable business men to deceive their

wives. They could soon get used to getting down to Brighton behind a horse again, and the horse is a finer animal anyway. So (as Socrates said when the Council informed him he was for the high jump) what?

Reprieve

EXCEPT that street carol-singers must not show lights or make noises like sirens, they may perform as German night-bombers permit, according to the public prints, some of which have already gone Dickensy on the topic in a half-hearted way.

It's difficult even for boys who can lash themselves into a frenzy of excitement over practically anything to simulate much enthusiasm for the annual dose of "Good King Wenceslas"—and how typical of the Race (we always think) to roar this feeble Victorian tosh ad nauseam when it has at its disposal a treasury of some of the loveliest mediæval carols in Christendom! You hear these in churches but never in the streets, for which reason it would be no great loss if 95 per cent. of seasonal public caterwauling were stopped, as Scrooge would agree.

Footnote

IT's our theory, incidentally, that Slogger Dickens, appalled despite himself by the false pink sentimental mush with which he was overlaying the Christmas Feast of his fathers, created Scrooge as the voice of his own shame-faced subconscious, but hadn't the courage to place that dæmonic figure on the lofty plane it deserves. What Scrooge revolts against is certainly not Christmas but Dickens's travesty of Christmas: the frantic belly-stuffing, the woozy, vague benevolence, the entire Dickensy Works, which that great master imposed on the Race with such consummate ease.



"Coo, what a Molotov!"

However, if Dickens had developed Scrooge on nobler lines he'd have had trouble with Chapman and Hall, maybe. We can see their shocked, infuriated whiskers quivering from here, as they flourish last year's royalty accounts.

Decline

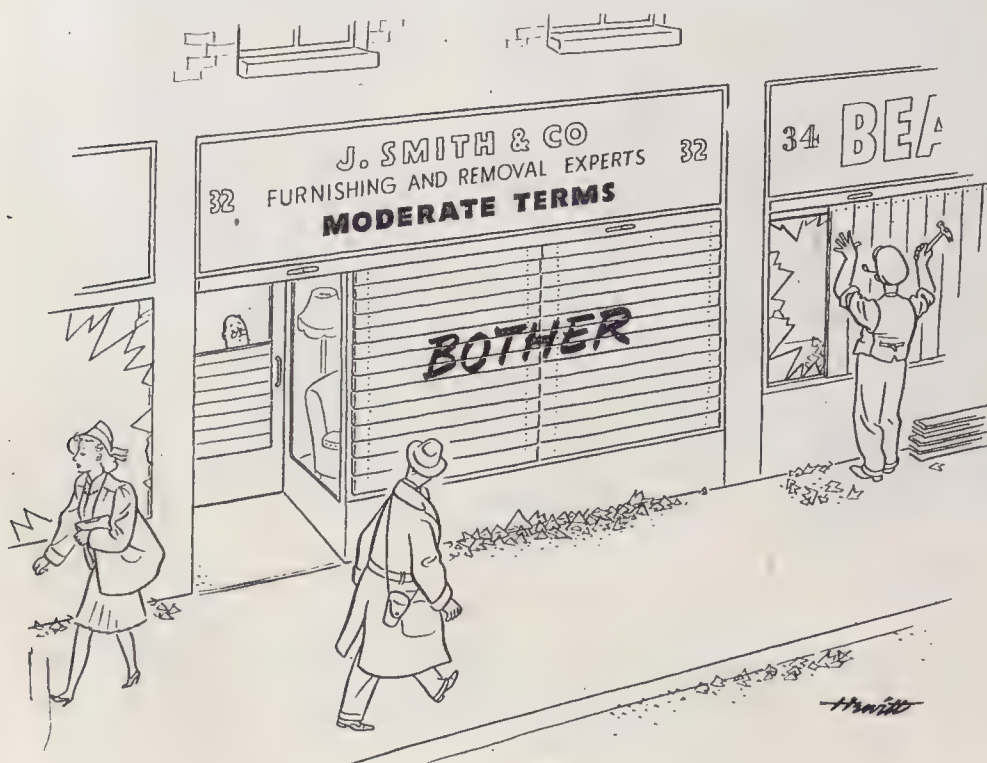
SOMEBODY having remarked that the tough, hairy Hemingway School of Fiction—"hair on the chest," a critical chap once said to us, "which comes off when you pull it"—is dying, we see no especial cause for mourning, Mr. Hemingway's imitators having been somewhat tedious of late. The booky racket is now waiting for somebody to open up a fresh market, we're told. Something big like the Kailyard Movement is required.

Very old lovers of the racket will tell you that immediately after young Mr. Barrie burst on the delighted 'Nineties with those sketches of the aboriginals of Kirriemuir, full of whimsy and mostly unintelligible dialogue, a number of chaps who could handle the lingo got in on the ground floor straight away and the London market was flooded with clachans and neuks and stickit ministers and quaint personages named Tamsy McQumpha and Leeby McTaggart exchanging craggy, delicious (if obscure) cracks full of "heuchs" and "glauchies," and handing out Kailyard philosophy by the barrowload. But these boys hadn't That Little Something young Mr. Barrie had, and they faded away.

Similarly with the Tarzan School, which derived from, and somewhat irked, Slogger Kipling, creator of Mowgli.

MR. HEMINGWAY'S disciples have had a more profitable run, perhaps because it's not very difficult to write like Mr. Hemingway—even Mr. Hemingway can do it in his less thoughtful moments—and because a bit of toughness is always welcome. (The Cricket-and-Beer School did pretty well in the 1920's, being manly but not obscene, but those boys too have passed on.) Will anybody, therefore, who feels like starting something good please communicate with one of the leading publishers in the racket? If you call in person on "Uncle," we may add, beware of Razor Charley, a member of his bodyguard who is feeling not so well these days.

(Concluded on page 476)





Warrior's Welcome

By "Old Contemptible"



I.

I heard a bit of good news to-day,
So I whinnied a hearty cheer.
The Master says "You are coming back,
To hunt again this year."
So I'm giving my mind to getting fit,
And with any sort of luck
I'll be lepping out of my leather,
And terrible full of buck.

*Creak of saddle, jingle of bit.
Jolly old cheery sounds.
I'll promise I'll do my best, my dear,
To carry you safe to hounds.*

2.

Remember the day at Fiddler's Gorse,
Three got away with the hounds.
How we galloped the bottoms on Butler's Land,
Heading for Doran's bounds.

*You lost a leather, I cast a shoe,
The two of us parted—friends,
I galloped on, it was very wrong,
But I mean to make amends.*



3.

Then come the day with a soft west wind.
We'll jog to Lynam Gorse.
We'll smell the tang of the trampled grass,
And the reck of a sweating horse.
We'll prick our ears at the covert side
And hark for the "gone aways,"
Cram down your hat, we'll g' out of that,
And make it a day of days.

*Creak of saddle, jingle of bit.
Jolly old cheery sounds.
I'll promise I'll do my best, my dear,
To carry you up to hounds.*



Ha Ha : brown gelding ;
3 years ; 16'2 hands ;
up to anything

Ha Ha
His mark

Standing By...

(Continued)

Figure

NEWS of the death of the great John Ball, one of the Early Fathers of British Golf, a game invented by the Etruscans, according to a Fascist sports paper, afforded us a passing waft or glimpse of a fabulous, puzzling world, long since dead; the world of the early 1900's, when life was one long, dreamy sunshiny afternoon, survivors say, and golf was played by a few eccentrics in luxuriant moustaches in cycling knickerbockers and a tweed cap, but chiefly, south of the Tweed, by "Mr. Arthur," as Mr. Balfour was called by rich women.

It also set us pondering on the wayward tricks of Time, which has made John Ball the golfer loom far more gigantic in the Island eye than John Ball the priest, first militant English champion of the poor. The one could masterfully hit a tiny ball with a stick, the other started a social revolution. It is a pleasant game to disturb and baffle pop-eyed golfers in a club bar by deliberately confusing the two.

SIMILARLY with Walter Hilton, the Augustinian monk, one of the great English mediæval mystics, who also has a more important golfing successor of the same name. The opening Hilton gambit is to say casually, "Well, personally I don't think writing a book like *The Ladder of Perfection* did Hilton's drive much good." The golfer gives you a startled look over his whisky glass and says, "What's that?" and you say, "Of course, St. Andrews should have taken a much firmer line. That sort of

mystical stuff might easily have lost him the Open. Look at Julian of Norwich!" Within five minutes you have your victim breathing hard and goggling like a glandered cod, within ten he is edging away, and within fifteen you see him talking in an undertone to the Secretary and glancing nervously sideways.

It may be objected that to take advantage thus of the innocence of golfers is a hellish trick, like bribing a little bird to tell them the Facts of Life. If that's your line we can only hang our head.

Chant

ETON Music School performed a public service the other day by giving "Rule Britannia" as Dr. Arne, an Old Etonian, wrote it—a far richer and more rollicking tune than the emasculated version sung nowadays. Like Handel's Largo, a love-song which the citizenry vaguely believes to have devotional associations, it comes in the middle of a masque or opera of exhausting dullness, except for the music. James Thomson's lyric, however, is quite good in its cheery jingo way, and only eighteenth-century convention impinging on modern ears makes that third verse sound so comic:

Still more majestick shalt thou rise,

More dreadful from each foreign stroke, etc.

A little time ago a clergyman wrote to Auntie *Times* explaining anxiously that this is not the dirty crack at the Race it seems to be, "dreadful" in Thomson's sense meaning "dread-inspiring." Which is quite correct—if you had said to Dr. Johnson, "Sir, you look awful this morning," the Great Cham would have been rather gratified than otherwise and would not have hit you—but our own candid feeling is that it doesn't much matter. Let's face it: the Race is not particularly beautiful, despite its many admirable qualities.

EQUALLY, when Slogger "Night-Thoughts" Young referred in verse to "Britain's awful Senate," we like to think he meant it both ways. M.P.s are pretty awful, barring one or two we have personally inspected and passed, and excluding of course the delicious Parliamentary Glamour Girls, whose every note is music.

Revolt

"I'm damned if I will!" was the historic reply of Laureate Robert Bridges, that fine poet, when badgered by officialdom to write a little something to celebrate some State jamboree or other; and how right he was. We trust the present Laureate (who has served before the mast and therefore knows a few good deep-sea words) will reply similarly, if at all, to that petulant citizen who has been nagging him in the *Daily Telegraph*, and in verse, at that. "Boar's Hill seems strangely slack," concluded this carper, ringing the bell, as it were, at Mr. Masefield's Oxford residence and running like hell.

The fact seems to be that Alfred Lord Tennyson spoiled the market. That



MAURICE MCLOUGHLIN.

"She had excellent references"

boy's Muse was always ready to tuck up her white samite sleeves and, get on with any official topic suggested to her, from the opening of a new suburban railway to a R-y-l cold in the head. No other English Laureate has waded into the job so conscientiously, so far as we know.

THERE is, or was, a modest painting in the National Gallery by some artist unknown, to which we were much attached, called "The Muse Inspiring a Court Poet," which reflects the proper attitude admirably. The swollen-cheeked Muse, purple in the face with rage, is roaring some order from the Lord Chamberlain right into the ear of the Poet, who is very aloof and dignified indeed. "Jump to it, you! A decent full-length A.I. copper-bottomed sonnet on Gold Stick's third cousin's wife's earache, and make it snappy!" the Muse seems to be screaming. "I heard you," says the Poet frigidly. Like Dr. Bridges, he is plainly determined to see her and the entire Household damned first.

Officialdom, with not a few of the citizenry, seems to think a poet can turn the stuff on and off from a tap. So he can, but not when bullied. Pigs and poets—you can't drive 'em.

Slur

AFTER long rumination we feel British Equity might like to take up a little matter with Auntie *Times's* Drama Dept., which recently, reporting a performance of Lennox Robinson's stage adaptation of Maupassant's *Boule de Suif*, described that plump self-sacrificing little floozie, with spinsterly delicacy, as "an actress." Doubtless this was not so much a crack at the Profession as an attempt to spare the feelings of Auntie's readers, who, like golfers, know nothing of the Facts of Life, life itself being a state or condition with which many of them are unacquainted anyway.

Nevertheless to call *Boule de Suif* an actress seems to us a bit thick. Practising ourselves a profession to which many people falsely claim to belong—Society Deans, for example, and acquitted murderers, and jockeys and economists and fashion experts and the Dear knows who else—we feel hotly sympathetic. We may cram little actresses into Gladstone bags in petulant mood but by Heaven we're jealous of their tiny reputations. We also collect and press seaweed.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"He doesn't speak a word of English, but here's his order"

Old Bill Goes East : By Bruce Bairnsfather



“What d’yer mean, ‘wonderful’? Why don’t yer stick up for yer own country!
You’ll see just as good as this in London, if yer waits long enough”

Disease On Duty

Joyce Grenfell Combines Stage Work in London with War Work in the Country



Shopping for Soldiers

Joyce Grenfell hurries home each evening after appearing at Wyndham's Theatre in Herbert Farjeon's revue "Diversion," to enable her to go to a Canadian hospital nearby, where she is shopper for one large ward. She takes down in a notebook what the men require; next morning before catching her train to London she bicycles to the village and buys the goods, and distributes them the same evening on her return.



Trying Over a Song

Mrs. Anthony Thesiger, alias V.G. of "Punch," and the daughter of the late Captain Harry Graham, writer of the delightful Biffin books and of many volumes of comic poetry, composes the music for her own lyrics, which Joyce Grenfell sings. They are seen rehearsing at the piano. The famous skit on the Women's Institute was written by Joyce Grenfell herself. It was this which first attracted the attention of Mr. Farjeon.



Teaching Tapestry Work

Lance Corporal Meister has been in hospital for many weeks and is working on a handbag in cross stitch, with the able assistance of Joyce Grenfell. Many of the patients find needlework helps to while away the time.



Sitting in the Sun

This charming photograph of Joyce Grenfell and her Labrador was taken at her home in the country. In private life she is Mrs. Reggie Grenfell, and some few years ago had no thought of a stage career. Only her friends knew and enjoyed her songs and witty monologues, which went with a swing at many a private party. Her husband is in the K.R.R.C., and is the son of Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Grenfell and the late Lady Victoria Grenfell, and grandson of the late Earl Grey



Delivering the Goods

Joyce Grenfell, with Sister Millier of Winnipeg at her side, deals out to the men the goods she has purchased for them in her capacity of shopper. The patients cluster round to claim their belongings, spread out on the bed of a colleague



Bicycling to the Village

Equipped with an outsize shopping-basket, Joyce Grenfell bicycles to the village in the mornings to do the commissions for the Canadian soldiers in hospital. She is entrusted with the job of buying Christmas presents to be sent home to their families. To get back in time to deliver the goods after the matinee, Joyce Grenfell always removes her make-up in the taxi on her way to the station. In a concert party called "Sunspots," which tours for the County Welfare Committee, she sings and entertains the troops. In "Diversion" she has a glorious sketch about a canteen worker, withering in its satire



Morning exercise: five of the ten horses in training at Lambourn are taken out at a time. Gaythorn, Palyanka, Glass Slipper, Achill Beg are being led out of their boxes

Trainer's Wife

Mrs. Fulke Walwyn and Some
of Her Husband's Horses

There are ten horses in training at the Lambourn stables just now. Of the ones photographed here, Ephorus, a winner on the flat, is going to run over hurdles; Gaythorn and Achill Beg are winners over hurdles; Glass Slipper has won several steeplechases; Palyanka has not yet run. Their trainer, Captain Fulke Walwyn, who won the Grand National on Reynoldstown, is stationed at Tidworth, and can only occasionally see his stables. But recently he paid Lambourn a longer visit when he was on sick leave after an accident, and was able to go to the Newmarket Sales



Walking home after their exercise in the fine, brisk air of a sunny winter morning are Ephorus, Gaythorn, Palyanka (Mrs. Walwyn up), Achill Beg, Glass Slipper

Pause for a photograph brought Palyanka and his rider to a momentary standstill on the Berkshire hillside. This grey colt has not yet run in a race





Premonition, maybe, of a change of home gave Abbe this sad look. He was sold soon after his picture was taken. Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, who had just been out on Palyanka, takes no part in the training of her husband's horses, but helps to ride them to exercise twice a day. This when she is not watching them, and others perform: she is one of the most regular and attentive as she is one of the most attractive women in the racing world, and rarely misses a meeting. She was Diana Carlos Clarke, is the daughter of Major Carlos Clarke by his first wife. She and her husband moved to Delamere House, their home in Berkshire, about a year ago

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

With Silent Friends

By Richard King

A Most Diverting Patchwork

I WISH one could have command over one's own moods. Mood plays such an important part in one's enjoyment that it is irritating never to know if, so to speak, when we awaken, which would thrill us most—a Wagner concert, or visiting a picture gallery, or listening to the amusingly garrulous, or being quite alone, or feeling in the mood for work or for play, or for a flirtation, or for a mighty row with one's family. As too often happens, one has to endure the garrulous when one would love best to be left alone, or have to listen to Duke Ellington when one yearns for the higher musical classics, or enjoy nothing to do when work is thrust upon us, or feel specially energetic on Sunday morning when we could, with conscience clear, lie abed, or be loved and caressed just when one most wants to read the newspaper.

I suppose our changes of mood are entirely physical; therefore, I wish one could buy pills which would immediately put us in just the right frame of mind to enjoy the events of the day; especially those which we can't escape. It would certainly make married life easier, because nothing is so disconcerting to harmony than, metaphorically speaking, to put up with loving playfulness just when all your soul yearns after is a long aloneness with a vista of quiet fields animated only by somnolent cows. Therefore, in a trivial sense, I always think it is unwise to make arrangements for pleasure far ahead. Ten to one when the moment arrives it will be just the kind of pleasure for which you feel in no sort of mood. I suspect that half the wine which is drunk at parties is drunk in the frantic hope that the second glass will produce the necessary stimulus: otherwise nothing would please people better than to go home.

Nature seems to hate long-laid plans. She has a tantalising way of making nearly all our anticipated joys a disappointing anticlimax. Do exactly what you want to do when you are in the mood for it—and often from life you can extract a surprising amount of fun. Go against the mood of the moment, and even the lightest soufflé tastes rather like dough. And so, if I tell you that, for the greater part, I was most amused by Caryl Brahms's and S. J. Simon's Victorian absurdity, *Don't, Mr. Disraeli!* (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.), do not go at once to sit down to read it; maybe you are in the mood to sit down with Thomas Carlyle.

Romeo and Juliet

THE story simply reeks with plot, though the authors almost beg you not to worry about it—and you don't. It is only, so to speak, an "infuriated" peg upon which to hang "infuriating" moments. You can almost hear the villain, Mr. Spencer Faggot, snarl; the heroine swoons even before a situation has become really embarrassing. Everybody is continually being knocked down by a feather under the impression that a land-mine has exploded in the immediate vicinity. The period of the story ranges from 1800 to 1900, but is not in the least particular regarding sequences and dates.

People rush on the scene who should not then have been born, or burst in to utter an aphorism when they should be dead these many years. The Marx Brothers upset a Victorian ball as well as the Baring Brothers. E. C. Bently knocks into Darwin, and Darwin into Einstein; Lady Caroline Lamb is not amused by Dan Leno, nor does Oscar Wilde apparently find Max Beerbohm terribly diverting—much to the chagrin of Greville, who wants more gossip for his

journal. In fact, throughout the book you never know what is going to happen next, or who is suddenly to appear. Only Queen Victoria, writing in her diary, puts, from time to time, the whole world in its proper place from Balmoral.

For the rest, the story is a Romeo and Juliet affair between two Victorian households, the Clutterwicks and the Shuttleworths. For years there has existed a glorious feud. People in the Victorian era seemed to have time for feuds. Now, one never knows if one's deadliest enemy from next door will not be forced to sit on our knees in a public shelter! But enough! If you are in the mood, *Don't, Mr. Disraeli!* is glorious entertainment. It may not be especially witty, but, speaking for myself, it made me smile all the time and it made me laugh quite often. So what more can you ask of any wartime entertainment? I can easily imagine myself to be again in such a mood as to enjoy most of it all over again.

Another Victorian Background

"GREEN LADIES" (Collins; 8s. 6d.), by John Brophy, also has a Victorian background, and again a famous personage appears in it who actually should not have been there—Marie Lloyd. However, she plays so small a part that it seems unnecessary to have antedated her. The story is really one concerning two women, Kathleen and Jane, and two men, Charles and Arnold. The background being London in the 'eighties and 'nineties; the Sudan, dealing with the Gordon relief expedition, with, on the home front, the Parliamentary battle for and against Home Rule for Ireland. Let me add here that the period atmosphere seems to me to have been admirably re-created—and I lived through some of the years myself. Charles was killed in Egypt, leaving Jane, his newly married wife, with nothing to live for but their child. Kathleen, married to Arnold, had too much to live for outside her home to be very satisfactory as a wife. She, as an Irish patriot, organised a troupe of Irish women who called themselves the Green Ladies, and acted in the manner of the early Suffragettes.

It seemed to me that Arnold was a
(Concluded on page 484)



Home from a Lecture Tour

Barbara Cartland, the novelist, has recently returned from a long lecture tour of Canada, and is back with her three small children at her Bedfordshire cottage at Great Barford. In private life she is Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale. Here she has her baby Glen on her knee; the Hon. Mrs. Gardner (Lady Louis Mountbatten's sister) is on the left with her godson, Ian McCorquodale; on the right is Mrs. McCorquodale's daughter, Raine

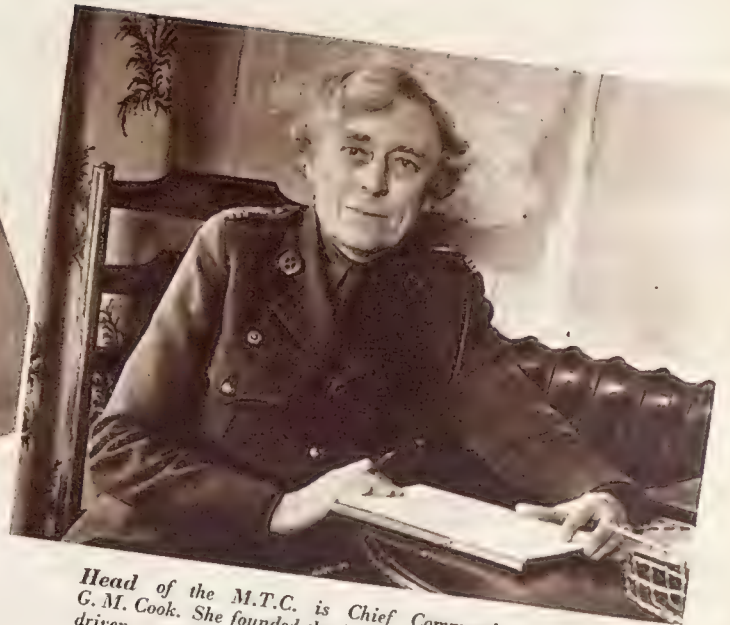


Home from a Flag Day

Something like 20,000 tins come home to rest after a Red Cross flag-day in London, and have to be sorted out, prepared and stacked for the next time—in this case for June 1941. Mrs. Arthur Fawcus and Mrs. R. Jessel, joint organisers of the flag day, who make themselves responsible for distributing flags and tins to all the London depots, are at work here in the storage and sorting room. £31,000 was collected for the Red Cross and St. John Ambulance Brigade in London on the two 1940 flag days



Drill is an important part of M.T.C. recruits' training and, young and old, large and small, they are put through it very thoroughly by a Grenadier Guards instructor



Head of the M.T.C. is Chief Commandant Mrs. G.M. Cook. She founded the Corps in February 1939, has driven a car herself since the very early days of motoring

Women in Uniform

At the M.T.C. Headquarters

The Mechanised Transport Corps is one of the busiest of women's organisations, supplying as it does expert women drivers to civil and military authorities all over the country as well as in London. Recruits are urgently needed. The Corps won its first laurels in France, where members were serving as early as December 1939. 110 drivers in all went abroad; two were taken prisoner but subsequently got home, three were given the Croix de Guerre. Fifty members are now serving in Kenya. The uniform is the same as that of the F.A.N.Y., but the hat badge bears two crossed spanners instead of a wheel. But it needs an expert to say offhand which is which



Test in ambulance driving was in prospect for Miss Marsh, a recruit, supervised by Cadet Officer Hankey. Many drivers work for the American Ambulance (G.B.)



Interview is given to would-be recruits by Ensign Mrs. A. W. A. Harker at the headquarters, now housed in what was a well-known London girls' school

Drivers on the H.Q. staff are (below) Cadet Officer Mrs. M. de Burgh, Ensign Miss Ionides, Driver Miss M. H. Smith, and Company Cadet Officer Mrs. Paterson



Recruiting poster for the M.T.C. was designed by Mrs. Gladys Calthrop (below), the stage artist, whose work for Noel Coward's shows has delighted theatregoers. She is now a Lieutenant on the M.T.C. Staff, is also a qualified pilot



Staff Commandant and Adjutant is the Hon. Mrs. Wyndham, sister-in-law of Lord Leconfield, here in her office with Lieut. Mrs. Calthrop and Commandant Mrs. Peake. The H.Q. staff has much planning to do, since drivers are supplied to Ministries, London borough councils for ambulance and A.R.P. work, the Home Guard all over England, the Polish Army, and other organisations

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

long-suffering husband, since the trouble with most women, as it was with Kathleen, is the moment they get any kind of bit between their teeth they cease to be women. At any rate, I found it rather difficult to follow Arnold's acute conscientious struggles in his innocent relationship with Christina, Marie Lloyd's friend. Nevertheless, the story is a very interesting one—if only for the vivid picture it gives of social London in the 'eighties and the well-nigh mental mania which Parnell aroused in the minds of his adherents and opponents; with Mrs. O'Shea—either as subsidiary prophetess or as a self-glorifying careerist, whichever way you look at her in her relation with the great Irish leader.

Thoughts from "Green Ladies"

"EACH time a human being says 'Yes' or 'No' to one of the innumerable problems set by circumstance, an unending train of expansive forces is let loose in dozens and hundreds of lives."

"Portraits are the easiest kind of pictures to sell. Flatter people with money, and they pay you for it."

"What women say is so often different from what they mean. What they do not say is perfectly plain to other women, snatched at, appreciated, criticised and resented in a flash."

"A political life isn't fit for human beings. It turns them into intriguers, double-dealing hypocrites. It's never straightforward."

William IV. Vindicated—in Fiction

SOMEHOW or other Queen Victoria's uncles seem to invite satire. They were a queer lot. Their love-affairs, their morganatic marriages, their strange behaviour, their incessant domestic quarrels fought right out in the open, all provide endless gossip for historians; and one, at least, was a villain.

In this strange collection of eccentrics, William IV. alone has been relegated to the dull status of "plain dough." Now Miss

Doris Leslie comes along and in her new historical novel, *Royal William* (Hutchinson; 9s.), has poured over his head a kind of mixture of rose-leaves and whitewash. A little sickly, but quite interesting up to a point.

Not, however, that the sickliness comes from King William. He is drawn merely as a jolly, good-natured, honest sailorman, who loved his country and served it well according to his lights. And much of the detail must have been the result of long historical research.

But perhaps Miss Leslie realised that history is not enough—not to novel readers, anyway. She has decked out her royal story as for the romantically inclined, and the result, while it loses in real drama, certainly gains in the circulating-library sense. Metaphorical incidental music seems to accompany the more florid and romantic chapters, while an equally metaphorical green light illuminates the more villainous proceedings. The beautiful and good are simply too, too beautiful and good almost to dullness; unless, of course, you adore that kind of goodness. On the other hand, the villains are so wicked that you welcome their appearance.

So, on the whole, the story is very readable, because it moves so briskly and Miss Leslie so obviously enjoys telling it. If you are old enough to remember lovingly the kind of historical plays with which Miss Julia Neilson—who, incidentally, has just published a delightful autobiography—and Mr. Fred Terry used to tour the country triumphantly (*Sweet Nell of Old Drury*, for instance), then *Royal William* is just the kind of historical novel you have been looking for.

Sweet Sameness

I ALWAYS think that ghosts must have a very poor time on the whole. Doing much the same things at much the same hours. Heaven alone knows what they do in between! So I always feel sorry for those lovers whose spirits are still earthbound. And there have been so many pretty stories written about them; yet still I feel how dreary must be their imprisonment until they are set free—apparently to love for ever and ever with nothing whatever to

show for it! In *Castle Cottage* (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.), by Horace Horsnell, they crop up again—as sweet as the prettiest chocolate-box, as musical to listen to as a delicately-played spinet. However, those who will always love to read about them will welcome Pamela and Lionel with a surge of sentiment. They are so loving, so innocent, so almost completely "Marcus Stone" physically disembodied.

Miss Bligh discovered them when she became a summer caretaker to a remote but perfectly enchanting little country house known as Castle Cottage. Miss Bligh was a retired lady's maid and full of what is known as subconscious reaction to things occult. Almost at once, after she had taken up residence, she felt perfectly attuned in spirit to the atmosphere of the lovely little house. And presently she hears mysterious whispers, a window opens of itself as if to let in some unseen sunshine, and upon an open Bible white rose-petals fall. Then, for one brief moment, the figure of a girl in a yellow frock appears in the garden; then a soldier in an old-fashioned scarlet tunic. But it is the discovery of some old letters and a diary which gives the key to the situation. From them Miss Bligh learns the love-story of Pamela and Lionel—Lionel who perished at Waterloo; Pamela who died of a broken heart soon afterwards.

Eventually Miss Bligh delves deeper into their secret and discovers they were lovers. It grieves her terribly to realise that as lovers they are still earthbound, and she longs to set their spirits free for the happiness of eternal love. "If only they could be at rest!" she sighs. Perhaps if she would read the Marriage Service over their shades it would bring them benediction. Nevertheless, only when a half-crazy woman, Miss Willies, had set fire to Castle Cottage and burnt it down could dear, sentimental Miss Bligh be certain that the spirits of Pamela and Lionel were together and at rest.

Well, it is quite a charming little story; especially for those readers who like such charming little stories. Perhaps a little too charming for my fancy. But lots of readers, I can well imagine, won't find it at all cloying. For them a pretty, delicate little story lies in store. I think it should be accompanied by eating chocolates.



A Song from Evelyn Laye

Evelyn Laye was the star of stars at a recent all-star concert given to an R.A.F. audience somewhere in England. Here she is with Lord Nuffield and Mr. Stanley Dorrell, who organised the concert, having a drink at the Officers' Mess after the show



Johnson, Oxford

A Drink for Arthur Askey

Arthur Askey (Big-Hearted Arthur) was another star at the concert, and had Flight Lieut. J. M. C. Simpson as his host when the performers went on for drinks and sandwiches to the R.A.F. Officers' Mess. Seven hundred airmen were in the audience

Hunting in Ireland

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



The Tipperary Foxhounds

Mrs. A. Masters, reputed to have ridden more point-to-point winners than any other woman in Ireland, is hunting the Tipperary Hounds this season for a committee



The North Kildare Harriers

Miss Kathleen Dudgeon arrives with the hounds at a meet of the North Kildare Harriers near Maynooth. She is taking the place of her father, Major J. Hume Dudgeon, who has rejoined the Scots Greys, as huntsman of the pack. Mrs. A. H. Connell is Master of the North Kildare Harriers



The "Killing Kildares"

Miss Marie Lysaght, an Australian visitor hunting in Ireland this season, was talking to Dr. Bethel Solomons at the Straffen meet of the "Killing Kildares." Miss Lysaght's father, the late Mr. Andrew A. Lysaght, was a member of the New South Wales Assembly. Dr. Bethel Solomons, a very distinguished Irish doctor, was for many years Master of the Rotunda Hospital, Dublin



The Kildare Foxhounds

Mrs. Dermot O'Brien, a keen follower of the Kildare Hounds, waits at the meet at Straffen for hounds to arrive. She is the well-known breeder and exhibitor of Dalmatians, and a daughter of the late Captain F. C. Worrall, of Kilshanrig, Rathcormac, Co. Cork. Her husband, Mr. Dermot O'Brien, is one of the two sons of His Honour Judge Daniel Joseph O'Brien, K.C., of Dublin



Inter-Varsity Rugby Football

Cambridge beat Oxford in the Inter-Varsity match at Oxford by 11 points to 9. But for Oxford's thrilling rally in the last ten minutes, Cambridge would have won by a far wider margin. Owing to two of their men having been injured in a previous match, last-minute changes had had to be made in the team. The sides turned out in their University jerseys, though no Blues are awarded in wartime. W. J. Hotblack, of Blundell's and Sidney Sussex (Cambridge), is seen during the game being tackled by G. M. Colson, of St. Edward's and Trinity (Oxford)

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Leading the Field

THE sense of exhilaration which it engenders is terrific; but it is not always the best way to win races. If you can get a break on them, and they are foolish enough to let you wait in front, and if you are jockey enough to know how to do it, sometimes it comes off, and you win with your toes in your boots. But usually these tactics are a rather impudent bluff which, if it is called soon enough, puts paid to the whole enterprise. There is no denying the fact, however, that taking command and having first cut at the fences before anyone has taken the bloom off them does cause a grand feeling of elation, and increases the pugnacity that may already be in you in quite a great enough degree already. It is always better to remember at the moment of the greatest elation, when he comes out from under your hands like a steel spring released, that old racing maxim that "more races are won by waiting than by making every post the winning post." A proviso naturally must be added that circumstances always alter cases. We have a very fine example before us at this moment of what a really bad jockey with absolutely no knowledge of pace can do. He is on a peanut to a pony for a very heavy fall.

And yet there is that ecstasy brewed from the nectar, which, even if you have only had one sip of it for ever lingers, of that moment when "you're leading the

cream of the cream in the shire of the shires." Intoxication under these conditions may be forgiven anyone, however misguided. A fall two fields on may be a sitter, but that moment is worth everything.

The Rebirth of Greek

IT cannot have escaped the notice of even the most unobservant how marked is the rebirth of a fondness for the Greek tongue since the dazzling exploits of the Evzones and their equally gallant comrades. An affection for that graceful language once acquired is never lost. The path towards knowledge, as many will recall, is a steep and rather flinty one, and we have only to remind ourselves of the tortures we endured in our earlier years learning to conjugate the verb *τίπτω*, which, curiously enough means "to hit, or tan" to admit this fact. Once over that rasping boundary fence, how quickly some of us skipped through the terse war despatches of Xenophon to the delights of the merry farces of Aristophanes and the thrillers of Euripides. Some even got so far as memorising the choruses in the recorded case of Theseus *v.* Theseus and anr. (Hippolytus) and rejoicing over the eventual discomfiture of that vinegar cat Phædra. None of this would, perhaps, have happened but for General Papagos, Koritza and Pogradets, and we are laid under a lasting debt of gratitude to this officer, and also to the Greek Prime Minister for thus having



The Rival Captains

The Oxford captain, E. K. Scott, of Clifton and Lincoln, was photographed before the Inter-Varsity Rugby match played at Iffley Road, Oxford, with E. R. Knapp, of Cardiff High School and St. Catharine's, the Cambridge captain

compelled us to refurbish that aforetime knowledge which we possessed. The slopes of Parnassus were hard going, but what a grand view when once his snowy cap was reached!

A Grand Greek

BY rights he was a real live Count, and he rose to the peak of his fame circa 1908-10 A.D., when he commanded a very famous Indian Yeomanry cavalry regiment, the Calcutta Light Horse. He was famous far beyond the confines of the dusty Land of Ind. He was called "The Apostle" for short, and rumour had it that he was a direct descendant of Herakles. Nothing was too hot or too heavy for him and upon one memorable occasion he gave ocular demonstration that not even the Stymphalian birds would have had any more chance against him than they had with his illustrious ancestor. Those birds, as I will recall for the benefit of anyone whose classical history may have got a bit rusty, had brazen claws, brazen beaks and brazen feathers, which they used as arrows to impale their victims. Their favourite food was human flesh. Some people will have it that the breed is not extinct in spite of

what happened on the shores of that lake in Arcady those many years ago. This modern Hercules stampeded the Stymphalians with equal success upon an occasion when he was lured by some vagrom man into taking a ride on an elephant into the very heart of their rookery. The incident will go down as one of the most exciting, and perhaps the most perilous, in Indian history. The sight of "The Apostle" on that elephant caused such terror amongst those "birds" that it is doubtful whether they ever recovered from the shock.

A Job for a Guards' R.S.M.

"SPIT AND POLISH," who happens to be a distinguished ex-wearer of The Jacket, has written me a note about the

modern soldier who, after all, is not supposed to be in exactly ceremonial parade kit, but who, nevertheless, may sometimes be guilty of a bit more careless abandon in his outward man than even war justifies. My friend writes:—

It is trying us a bit high when you see him strolling down the street with his hands in the pockets of a boiler-suit, and a dirty one at that, his pack curved in a beautiful "S" shape,



Tennis Players' Wedding

Sub-Lieut. Jack Lysaght, R.N.V.R., the English International lawn tennis player, was married at Caxton Hall register office to a Scottish International, Mrs. Helen Turnbull, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Barr, of Hillhead House, Pollokshields, Glasgow. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Lysaght, of Chapel Cleeve, Somerset



The General Minces Matters

At an exhibition of the activities of the Auxiliary Territorial Services held at Northampton, Major-General E. C. Gepp tries out the mincing machine. With him are Company Commander E. F. Wormald, Lady Hillingdon, who opened the exhibition, and Lady Belper, Senior Commandant of the A.T.S.

and his long hair waving in the breeze whilst his field-service cap is tastefully packed away under a shoulder-strap. I sometimes wonder in my fat-headed, heretical way whether places like Aldershot, full of Guards' sergeant-majors, up-to-date equipment and new-pin barracks and cook-houses, are not a delusion and a

snare, and whether if the higher-ups would desert these happy spots and descend suddenly on outlying parts such as these, where no one seems to have proper training equipment or habitable dwelling places, they might not learn something distinctly to their advantage, if not to their comfort.

It is well to let everybody have his say, but, of course, it has to be borne in mind that in many cases where units are newly embodied, and the young soldier has not had time to be spoke-shaved, irregularities and a certain degree of slovenliness are apt to be present. Usually, however, it all dries straight in the end.



Officers of the Royal Corps of Signals, by "Mel"

This week "Mel" introduces us to a group of officers of the Royal Corps of Signals, all well known in the Corps. The names (l. to r.) are: Major W. C. Buchanan, M.C., Major P. A. Chubb, Lieut.-Colonel L. B. Nicholls, O.B.E., Lieut.-Colonel G. D. Ozanne, M.C., and Major W. M. Smith

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Haw-Haw Jaw

SYNTHETIC sound-track Haw-Haw, the Zeesen wheezer, has been using some of my remarks to obtain special Nazi noise effects during his broadcasts in English. A friend in the B.B.C., who has something to do with the monitor service, has sent me a verbatim report of his recent references. With boring, blonde laboriousness, he takes my words and uses them in evidence against himself.

Employing the method of the mangled misquotation (and where would the most innocent publicity hounds be without it?), he tries to show that the Nazis are superior in the air. So doing, he actually proves the reverse. He takes some remark of mine about the need to urge forward technical development, and ponderously points out that changes in aircraft types interfere with large-scale mass production.

Really, one would have supposed that the Germans would by now have understood the implications of this fact, for if any country has ever suffered a reverse by concentrating too much on mass production, and neglecting technical advances, it is Germany. The great victories won by the Royal Air Force against the Luftwaffe in mid-August and mid-September, victories which deranged very elaborate invasion plans just when they were about to be put into effect, were the result of technical superiority. We had not the mass of machines, but we had the better machines.

Advice to the Enemy

CAN it really be that the Germans have not yet realised this? Can it be that they still do not know that their aircraft are inferior to the aircraft of the Royal Air Force in all the things that matter?

Look, for instance, at that much-boasted Junkers 87 dive-bomber. It is a wretchedly poor aeroplane. No one can accuse me of sour grapes when I say that, for the 87 gets shot out of the sky with monotonous regularity whenever it comes near our fighters.

Probably there is no other country in the world where men could be found in numbers so completely lacking in all powers of criticism as to fly such machines against even the smallest well-equipped air force. The Junkers 88 is almost as bad. The Heinkel 111 is a fairly good old tub for an air force which works by mass without mind; but it is no more than that.

No, the German air force has failed so far to clear the way for the German army in these islands, because it has paid insufficient attention to technical merit. It has been founded and built up in the belief that the German airman is a large piece of mindless meat. Haw-Haw should direct his remarks to General Field-Marshal Göring if he wishes to do Germany some good.

But sometimes, when I read his quotations from my articles, I wonder if he is not in fact working

for our benefit under the guise of helping the Germans. He may be—and much that he says, now I come to think of it, suggests that this is the true explanation—a double traitor, or quadruple-crosser, pretending to help the enemy, but in fact helping us by bungling deliberately his propaganda broadcasts.

Flat

A STORY told me by a manufacturer's test pilot, and sworn by him to be true, concerned the use of full-feathering airscrews. It appears that this pilot was flying round in a Whitley when one engine ceased to function (no engines ever "fail" without a libel action with the manufacturers). The aircraft had two of the Rotol full-feathering airscrews, and the pilot feathered one and came in on the remaining engine and landed.

A person on the ground, approaching the aeroplane, and noticing the fully-feathered blades of one of the airscrews, said: "Heavens! No wonder you were forced to land, that airscrew looks as if it has gone properly flat."

All of which shows that the ingenuity of designers sometimes fails to achieve its just reward.

The Whitley, by the way, though it resembles a pantechicon, is a quietly pleasing aircraft to fly, according to report. Its dachshund attitude of flight helps to give the pilot a good outlook forwards and downwards.



They Got the Six Hundredth

P/O. Harbourn Mackay Stephen, R.A.F.V.R., a Scottish journalist awarded the D.F.C. and Bar and Fl./Lt. J. C. Mungo Park, D.F.C., are the two Spitfire pilots responsible for shooting down a Messerschmitt 109 in a fight seven miles above the coast, making the 600th enemy machine destroyed by squadrons operating from a single Fighter Command station



Portrait of an Airman

This portrait-drawing of Air Marshal W. Sholto Douglas, M.C., D.F.C., is by Captain Cuthbert Orde, some of whose work has been shown in the War Artists' Exhibition at the National Gallery. He was in the R.A.F. in the last war, and now spends his time painting aeroplanes and the men who fly them. Air Marshal Sholto Douglas succeeded Sir Hugh Dowding as A.O.C.-in-C., Fighter Command, last month. Before that he was Assistant Chief of Air Staff

Medals

I MADE the suggestion the other day, in another place, that those aircraft (or other essential) workers who have vital tasks to do and who are ready to stick to their jobs even under heavy bombardment, ought to be given some kind of recognition.

They are not entitled to receive a thing like the George Cross or the George Medal, yet they are certainly entitled to some outward sign that they are tough fighters. It seems to me strange that the soldier who does a brave deed should be able to wear a ribbon, and the workman—who nowadays is often showing himself to be among the bravest of men—should go about in his ordinary civilian clothes undistinguished from the rabbits and rats.

Surely there should be some distinguishing mark for those who are in the front of the front line, for the workman at his bench when the bombs are falling has little or no protection, and is backed up by a less complete casualty service than the uniformed soldier.

Everybody knows workmen who incline to use bombing as an excuse for a bit of rest (there are not many of them), and everybody knows workmen who will go on through the worst blitz and yet stick at it. In my opinion the country ought to give those latter men some recognition of the value of their services. A special decoration to be worn on civilian dress is called for.

I have been in some of the places which the German bombers have visited, and the way some of the men work on is truly inspiring. The country should know more about it.

With the Fleet Air Arm — No. 17



Upward and Onward: By Wing Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

The troubles of a junior officer of the R.N.V.R. (A.) don't end when he gets his wings and is posted to a Fighting Station or ship as an Auxiliary Pilot of the Fleet Air Arm. He's taught intensively all the duties of the regular N.O., including a course of A.A. or H.A. (High Angle) gunnery. This speciality, to judge by Wing Commander Beuttler's picture, has its high spots. The gun has recoiled, as guns do, and cracked the sub-lieutenant without a gas-mask smartly in the stern. The Commander on the left is incensed with the midshipman who has dropped a shell through his deck, while the Instructor, the Chief Petty Officer (Gunnery) on the right is plainly running through the whole gamut of his vocabulary

The "Tatler and Bystander" Short Story

"The Vanishing Lady"

By A. M. Burrage

Illustrated by Tunncliffe

GEORGE APPLECHILD had never been intellectually brilliant. He was born in a West Country village where, for many generations, marriages between first cousins had been too frequent for the welfare of the hamlet's posterity.

As a child there was nothing very unusual about him, except the violence of his occasional fits of temper and his unfailing kindness to animals. Nobody took much notice of the former; but inability to hurt a mouse or a squirrel or a trapped bird was considered a dangerous eccentricity by one of those robust communities of fine, healthy-minded yokels who have helped to make England what she is.

But he was backward at school. At the leaving age he was still unable to read and write, but he progressed a little in the art or science of reading as the years went by. Without being able to read a little he could not have studied the football results in the paper which arrived at midday on Sundays in the public bar of The Three Pigeons.

"A nice boy, but—er—backward," said the schoolmaster to the vicar. "Might improve as he gets older."

"Yes—or might not," grunted the vicar. "One can't tell yet. I—well, there are times when I have to ask myself unanswerable questions. Is it possible to have a soul without having a mind, I wonder?"

Late in his 'teens, however, George Applechild exhibited one of the normal signs of adolescence. The sentimental would have said that at the same time he gave abundant proof of possessing a soul. To put it all into a brief statement, he fell in love.

Mabel Finch was in service at Five Gate Farm. George had known her all his life, and taken very little notice of her until one night at a whist-drive, when suddenly, in George's own simple phraseology, "she looked all different."

So, for that matter, did George. This sort of thing is sometimes called "Love's Awakening." George walked home with her, and next evening he waylaid her with sixpennyworth of assorted toffies and a large cake of soap—the latter being of a vivid hue and a most powerful aroma.

From that occasion they began those formalities which are known as Walking Out. It was soon generally understood that one day they would get married. And George, for the first time, began to wonder how he could raise himself above his present status as a farm-labourer. Experience had taught him that he was unlikely to do this by the delightfully simple process of Finding Ten Correct Results.

After a month or so the improvement in George's mental capacity was startlingly apparent. He could answer simple questions without pausing to think. He could see

certain simple jokes—even when they were clean. He could add and subtract without the aid of matches. And none could doubt that Love had wrought this change in him.

The old vicar, watching these signs unobserved, and from a distance, smiled—but smiled doubtfully.



He had ever been gentle, but now he went near to murder

"May be all right with that boy now," he remarked to his wife. "Arrested development has had a jolt, and been set in motion again. Depends now on the girl."

"I don't think much of her," said the good lady; but then, she had never been known to think much of any girl in the village.

"Well, I hope she sticks to him and doesn't play him up. If she suddenly—er—gave him the chuck—"

"Jilted him, dear."

"Well, jilted him. Er—if she does, I shouldn't like to be answerable for the consequences. I know his type."

Up to this hour of writing, nobody knows if Mabel jilted her George, but it is to be feared she did. Or at least, she allowed herself to be lured away from him. Mabel, I fear, had her prototype in old-fashioned melodrama. Having vanished for a year,

she ought to have returned home at night and in a snowstorm, complete with the inevitable child.

The known facts of the case are these: Mabel had saved money for a cheap excursion to London. It would have meant travelling for the better part of two nights. But Mabel did not use the return half of her ticket. Nor was she ever seen again.

Inquiries were made; but such inquiries were probably not too exhaustive. She was a free agent. If she preferred the Bright Lights and the Gay Life, it was her own affair. If all the young women who disappeared from villages were sought out and summarily returned, the West End would look quite different after seven o'clock.

George went his ways, a wistful, bewildered, heart-broken creature, with the same question in one of a hundred forms for ever on his lips: "What's come of her? Where is she?"

His mother was the cruellest of his friends. She had never like Mabel.

"Eh?" she said bitterly, and showed him the sneer deeply graven in her face. "What do you think comes of girls who disappear in London?"

It may have been just this remark which overset that Reason which, for some while, had been gaining strength to stand more firmly upon its pedestal. In that moment it rocked and fell and lay for ever shattered. Another change—and this time not for the better—overcame George.

There was an ugly scene in the street two nights later. George, taunted by a local wit, turned upon him with an ash-stick. He had ever been gentle, but now he went near to murder. A policeman, with the help of others, removed him, and a charge was made.

But George made no appearance in court. The divisional surgeon had a talk with him, and brought in another doctor for consultation. It ended in George being sent away quietly to the County Asylum.

After fifteen months in the Asylum, George was pronounced to be cured. But there was something in the nature of an unwritten reservation. The local doctor quietly informed George's parents that it might be as well if George did not return to the village.

For once in a while, everybody in the village—and particularly those who had witnessed George's outburst—agreed most cordially with the local doctor. Local people with money and influence and a preference for peace met in quiet consultation. Strings were pulled in distant London, and quite an important Personage, much concerned with such matters as Welfare and Uplift, found George a job in the neighbourhood of Bermondsey.

It was considered a highly suitable spot for George, because if he began any trouble in Bermondsey, the inhabitants, inured to that kind of trouble, would know how to deal with it.

Not in the least did George mind going to Bermondsey. He was heartily sick of his native village. Songs about the "Dear Old Home" and the "Dear Old Friends" induced in him a most unreasonable desire to go and break something with a hammer.

All the while, none was aware of the workings of his mind—the wild, inarticulate love of Mabel which could find no safety-valve in expression, the smouldering red rage against some unknown person or persons who had taken her from him. In the

(Concluded on page 500)

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"

Review of Weddings



Rose — M'Gowan

Sec.-Lieut. Victor H. V. Rose, Gordon Highlanders, of the Manor House, Brundish, Suffolk, was married at St. John's, Dumfries, to Janet M'Gowan. Her homes are at Sella Park, Cumberland, and Coppers Cottage, Eaglesfield, Dumfriesshire



MacDougall — Stewart-Menzies

Squadron Leader Jeffrey MacDougall, D.F.C., D.C.L.I. and R.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. MacDougall, of Estancia Las Raices, Argentina, and Jean Stewart-Menzies, daughter of Col. R. Stewart-Menzies, of Aikenway, Craigellachie, and Mrs. Stewart-Menzies, of Beedon House, Newbury, were married at Newtown Church



Ruggles-Brise — Knox

Captain Guy Edward Ruggles-Brise, younger son of Colonel Sir Edward Ruggles-Brise, Bt., M.P., of Spains Hall, Essex, and the late Lady Ruggles-Brise, and Elizabeth Knox, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Knox, of Smithstone House, Kilwinning, Ayrshire, were married at St. Peter's, Dalry



Ashton — Butler

Captain Eustace Charles Ashton, R.A., and Cecil Butler, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Butler, of King's Hall, Melton, Marlborough, were married at St. Peter's, Milton-Lilbourne. His parents are Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. S. E. Ashton, of Scotsgrove Park, Thame, Oxon.



Mansfield — Mathews

Sub-Lieut. (A.) John Errol Mansfield, R.N.V.R., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Mansfield, of Pilrig, Johannesburg, South Africa, and Sonia Mathews, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Mathews, of Powder Hill Copse, Boar's Hill, Oxford, were married at St. Peter's in the East, Oxford



Crawford — Clarke

Captain Ninian Keith Crawford, the Buffs, only son of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Crawford, of Shanghai, was married at Sissinghurst Church to Rosemary Crawford Clarke, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Clarke, of Hartridge House, Cranbrook



Stone — Cracknell

The marriage took place at Stubbings Church, Pinkneys Green, between William Bayford Stone, J.P., of the Avenue, Beckenham, Kent, and Mary Cracknell, daughter of Mrs. Soames Lendrum, of Moor Place, Pinkneys Green, Berks.



Capt. and Mrs. Doyne-Ditmas

Captain Philip Edward C. V. Doyne-Ditmas, K.O.S.B., and Sybil Moira Turner were married recently at Cirencester Church. He is the son of Major and Mrs. Doyne-Ditmas, of Clock House, Kempston, Bedford. Her parents are Captain and Mrs. A. W. Turner, of Oakley Cottage, Cirencester



Henry — Laskie

Pilot Officer Ian Clifford Henry, R.A.F.V.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Henry, of Kinnord, Pyrford, Surrey, and Pamela Laskie, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Laskie, of the Timbers, Chobham, Surrey, were married at Sand Church, near Woking

(Concluded on page 498)

Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

HE was shipwrecked on a South Sea island, and to his surprise discovered a dusky maiden, who offered him drink. A little later she returned with food, which he gratefully devoured.

Then, sitting beside him, she said, with an inviting glance: "You come with me—play game, yes?"

"Gee!" said the sailor, springing to his feet, "so you've got a dartboard as well?"

A TRAVELLER passing through an English village stopped to look at a bomb-crater.

Standing at the edge, he remarked to an inhabitant that there seemed to be a few bombs lying around; to which the villager replied: "Yes, and the trouble wi' they ones is that they 'asn't gone off yet!"

"Well," replied the traveller, "that's more than you'll be able to say about me in two seconds!"

A BRITISH Tommy was charged with "loss of one German prisoner."

After hearing the evidence, the Commandant inquired: "Where's the German?"

The soldier said: "It was like this, sir. I was coming down with the prisoner, and he knew a bit of English and I knew a bit of German, and he began telling me all about the little village he came from in Germany—and I told him of my little village in England, and then he told me all about his poor wife and kiddies in Germany, and I told him all about my poor wife and kiddies in England, and then, sir, in the end he made me so darn miserable that I shot the blighter!"

FROM America:

A certain customer always fell asleep in the barber's chair. That wasn't so bad in a shop in which he was known. But where he wasn't known, well—

Came the day that he marched into a strange barber-shop and found himself the only customer in the place. He eased himself into a chair.

"A light trim," he ordered. "Not much off the top."

The barber nodded. He went to work. And as he worked, the customer followed his usual habit of falling asleep.

Three hours later he awakened. He looked in the mirror, and, to his great horror, he discovered that the barber had given him a haircut that made him look practically bald.

"I only asked for a light trim!" he howled. "Why have you cut off all my hair?"

The high-strung barber gazed moodily out the window.

"What else could I do?" he demanded. "Business is slow—and I'd go crazy just sitting around idle!"

"I SAY, old man," said the first one, "why did you leave the Gold-plated Securities? I thought you had a good job there."

"I thought so, too," replied the second, "till I'd been there a week. I was supposed to be secretary to the vice-president, but he was no vice-president at all. Why, the poor mutt only took two hours for lunch, and sometimes he'd hang around till four in the afternoon. I couldn't work for a man like that."

"An' phwat," asked Pat, "is the matter with yer face?"

"Faith," replied Murphy, "'twas an accident. The auld woman throwed a plate at me in the black-out."

"An' d'ye call that an accident?"

"Shure! Didn't she hit phwat she aimed at?"

TWO darkies were boasting about their ancestors.

"An' let me tell you," said Rastus, "I kin trace ma ancestors back to the famby tree."

"Is dat so?" exclaimed Mose. "Wall, dere's only two kinds ob things dat lives in trees—dem's birds and monkeys. An' you ain't got no feathers!"



"Our local black-out is so black they notice it and drop bombs on it"



"If you can't get London on Cologne, try it on Hamburg"

A CERTAIN officer's confidential report had written on it, by his commanding officer: "This officer should go far." The Brigade Commander added: "The farther the better," and finally the District Commander wrote: "He should start at once."

"YES, I came face to face with a lion once. To make matters worse, I was alone and had no weapon."

"Heavens! What did you do?"

"What could I do? I tried looking straight into his eyeballs, but he kept crawling towards me. I had to think fast."

"How did you get away then?"

"I just left him and passed on to the next cage."

A MAN telephoned a hardware store to order a scythe.

"Size?" asked the assistant who took the telephone call.

"Not size," the man replied. "Scythe."

"Yes, sir, I can hear you," said the salesman. "What size?"

"No, no, no," the customer yelled.

"Not size, but scythe—scythe. You know what a scythe is, don't you? A grass-cutter."

The next day a delivery man appeared at the customer's home with a glass-cutter.



BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI



*Toast Your
Friends...in*

VAT 69

Sanderson's LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

'Quality Tells'



Way of the War

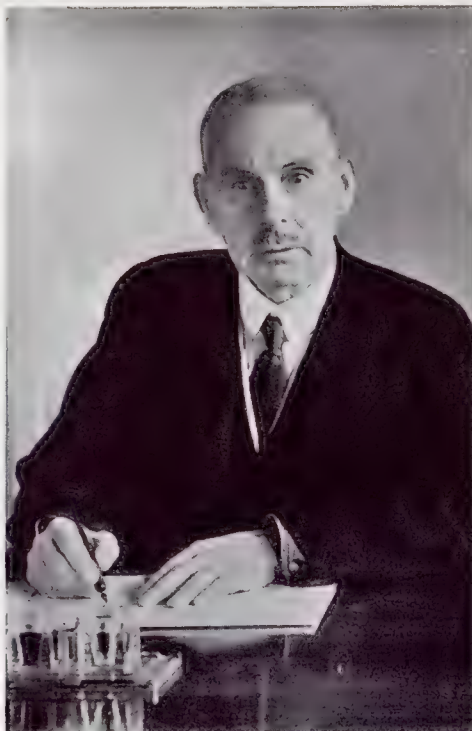
(Continued from page 464)

Indiscretions of a Consort

LAST week, writing in advance of the event, I hinted that the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were "beginning to chafe for a more active life than was possible in his present appointment." Now the duchess has precised that statement in a truly remarkable interview given to an American newspaper woman. She is reported as saying that to be Governor of the Bahamas is not a post commensurate with the duke's position, that insufficient use was made of his services in France, prior to the military collapse and, in short, that he ought to be transferred. Where to, the duchess does not suggest.

One can imagine that this will not make pleasant reading at Buckingham Palace. In Whitehall it has been known for some little time that such sentiments were being expressed at Nassau and there was even talk of a special emissary going out to counsel greater prudence. The duke, after all, is His Majesty's representative in a highly important part of the world, where United States interests have lately been much extended by the lease of British bases for use by the American fleet.

It is perhaps not always remembered that the Duke of Windsor voluntarily relinquished the most important post which can come to any man in the world, without exception. In doing so, for reasons which seemed to him sufficient, he risked plunging this country into a very grave situation. That was averted by the good fortune that another admirable monarch stood available and by the sound of common sense of his people. In the circumstances it will ill-befit the ex-King



Ulster's Prime Minister

Mr. John Millar Andrews has succeeded the late Lord Craigavon as Premier of Northern Ireland. He is a flax spinner, landowner and company director, has been Finance Minister since 1937, and continues to hold this office. He was a great admirer of Lord Craigavon, and will continue his former leader's policy. The people of Ulster, he has said, want friendship with Eire, but "as neighbours, not as partners in an all-Ireland republic. . . . With Great Britain we stand, both in peace and war"

to question the form of duties now entrusted to him. It was therefore gratifying to note that the duchess alone had made herself responsible for expressing such views; but would be still more satisfactory were the duke to dissociate himself from them publicly.

Colonel Donovan Returns

TRAVELLING from New York as Mr. Donald Williams, one of America's shrewdest observers should by now have reached this country. He was here not so many months ago and his name was, and is, Colonel "Bill" Donovan. He is a close personal friend of Colonel Knox, proprietor of the *Chicago Daily News* and now United States Secretary for the Navy.

When Bill Donovan was last in London he was given every facility to form his own impression on the British war effort and our chances of being able to hold out single-handed against the German onslaught. We may suspect that President Roosevelt was anxious at that time to have a second opinion on the British patient, being doubtful whether our situation was so parlous as it had been painted by Mr. Joseph Kennedy, the American Ambassador.

It is no part of my business to suggest in what areas Colonel Donovan could now make the most profitable investigations. But if I were to be so bold I should guess that a visit to unoccupied France, including those parts of the French metropolitan State which lie in Africa, and a run down to the eastern end of the Mediterranean, would be regarded by any visiting soldier as the most interesting tour of the moment.

In London Colonel Donovan could meet General de Gaulle, and in Algeria he might meet General Weygand. Just how he could get from there to Egypt if the British offensive in Libya is still in full operation I do not pretend to know. But there are ways round for men who think nothing of long trips by plane.



It's a Gift!

WHATEVER you give him this year, see that the practical side is well represented by including a supply of BRYLCREEM. BRYLCREEM is the purest, most beneficial tonic hair dressing you can buy. Its pure natural oils keep the hair in place while its tonic ingredients encourage healthy growth. Remind him to BRYLCREEM his hair by giving him a bottle.

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THE PERFECT HAIR DRESSING

Obtainable from retailers everywhere, also N.A.A.F.I. and Service Canteens, in handy jars, bottles and Active Service packs

NO GUM • NO SOAP • NO SPIRIT • NO STARCH



royds 770E



*See that Schweppes
is on the label
Before the drink goes
on your table*

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE



A few weeks ago women were afraid that hats of velvet would be conspicuous by their absence. Jeanners, of Princes Street, Edinburgh, are showing some really delightful models carried out in this material. The one above is included in their collection, and, as will be seen, the stitching is in a contrasting shade. Varied are the colour schemes.



Jeannette Pomeroy's Beauty Products are not a luxury but a necessity. They are sold practically everywhere, their G.H.Q. being 29 Old Bond Street. They are pleasantly moderate in price, ranging from 2/2 to 11/3, with the purchase tax. They include

Skin Food, Day Cream, Cleansing Cream, Beauty Milk, Astringent Lotion, and Powder, just the essential things that the skin needs at the moment.

Remember it is working overtime, and, therefore requires more sustenance and cleansing than in normal times. A very strong point in favour of these products is that the effect is natural; there is never the merest suspicion of hardness or artificiality

Of a totally different character from the accepted classic felt hat it has made its debut under the chaperonage of Jeanners. It is held in position by a well-nigh invisible elastic. Hence it is impossible for the strongest winds to alter its position.



Simplicity and flattering lines are important features of this hat from Jeanners. Monotony is entirely banished by the fine stitching. The crown is adjustable, hence the fold may be arranged to suit the wearer. It is encircled with ribbon finished with "breast plumage" in gay colours to tone with the felt.



Sleep...

WHAT IS SLEEP? For centuries, hundreds of scientists and medical men have investigated the cause of sleep, with the result that many different theories have been put forward.

Some of the more popular ones are :—(1) that sleep is due to an accumulation of fatigue poisons in the blood; (2) that it is brought on by lack of blood in the brain; (3) that it is associated with the secretions of the glands; (4) that it is caused by muscular relaxation.

The fact is that no one has ever established a theory that is completely satisfactory.

 What is sleep? Can you cut down your hours of sleep without injury to health? Is day sleep as valuable as night sleep?
 These and other questions, of vital interest to us all today, are discussed here.

ALL we know for certain about sleep is that when a person is asleep, his metabolic rate decreases. His blood pressure is lower, his digestive functions are less active, his body temperature falls, he breathes less deeply and more slowly.

That is a description of the body during sleep. A description of the working of the nervous system is less easy.

THE fact, for instance, that a mother can sleep through thunder or the roar of passing trains, but wake at a whimper from her baby, shows that, even during sleep, the mind is wakeful enough to select noises.

Similarly, today, some of us sleep through the noise of bombing and gunfire — and wake when the alarm clock rings!

And we can do this, even though we are sleeping deeply, not shallowly.

AS everyone recognises, there are different "sleep groups" — different levels at which we

may sleep. And as we all know from experience, the deeper we lie in the ocean of sleep, the more refreshed we are when we "come up." Whereas, if we lie on the surface of sleep, we waken with a sense of having been busy all night, unrefreshed, and less able to cope with life's difficulties.

One point on which the investigators have agreed is that it is the *quality* of sleep, not the *quantity*, that counts.

Some people look perfectly fresh and feel splendidly fit although their hours of sleep have been reduced. They are the people who get the restful, refreshing kind of sleep — 1st Group Sleep.

It is not known *why* some people get 1st Group Sleep while others don't but, by the empirical method, (that is, by observation) it is known that after drinking Horlicks people do get 1st Group Sleep. They go to sleep more quickly and sleep deeply, quietly, restfully, so that they waken completely refreshed.

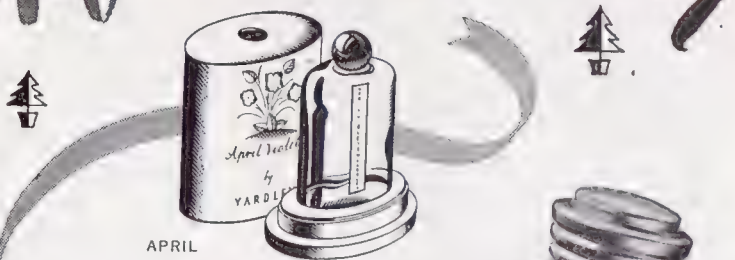
YOU will find that you get that kind of sleep if you take a cup of hot Horlicks last thing at night. Start taking it tonight and see how much better you feel tomorrow all day long. You will find that you are more refreshed after four or five hours' of 1st Group Sleep than after eight hours' shallow, restless sleep.

Night workers, who sleep during the day, will find the same. The investigators have shown that exactly the same body change takes place in the sleeper whether by day or by night. And the same rule applies to day sleepers: It is not the *amount* of sleep that matters but the *kind* of sleep. So take your Horlicks just before turning in and get 1st Group Sleep.



THIS picture was used by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, U.S.A., as a symbol of the comfort that passengers would find in their trains. The people of America took the kitten to their hearts, named her "Chesie," adopted her as a national pet. She's had kittens since!

Gifts by Yardley



APRIL
VIOLETS
PERFUME • 3/8 to 67/3



BOND STREET
PERFUME
5/6 to 73/4



An old friend
in a new flask
LAVENDER PERFUME • 3/1 to 51/4



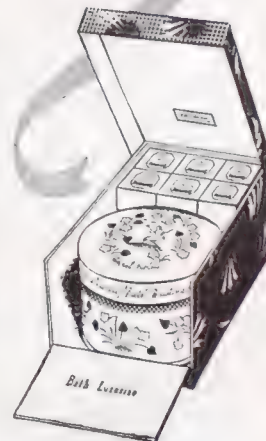
GIFT
CASES FOR MEN • 3/8 to 9/2



SHAVING
BOWL • 3/1

This is a Christmas of little gifts — charming rather than costly — and there are none so sure of delighted welcome as Yardley gifts, delectable little luxuries dear to the heart of every woman. **AND FOR MEN TOO** there are some so attractive and useful as to earn grateful appreciation from difficult males. These lovely things, priced to suit everybody, await your choice at any good chemist or store.

[Prices include Purchase Tax]



GIFT CASES
in great variety
3/- to 26/11

Yardley



33. OLD BOND STREET • LONDON • W.1

Getting Married

(Continued from page 491)



Pearl Freeman

Mrs. Paul Hildesley

Mary Morgan, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Morgan, of Buxhall Vale, Stowmarket, Suffolk, was married quietly ten days ago, at Buxhall Church, to Lieut. Paul Francis Glynn Hildesley, R.A. He is the second son of His Honour Judge Alfred Hildesley, of Onehouse Lodge, Stowmarket



Harleys

Mrs. John Flower

Daphne Mary Clark, younger daughter of the late Capt. Charles Clark, and Mrs. Clark, now at Earls Court Farm House, Amesbury, Wilts, and Flight Lieut. John Keane Flower were quietly married in London. He is the youngest son of Sir Archibald and Lady Flower, of the Hill, Stratford-on-Avon



Nelson-Quentin

Lieut. Alaric Lancelot Nelson, Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Nelson, of 3 Cadogan Gardens, S.W.3, and Rosamund Quentin, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. F. Quentin, of St. Margaret's, Southborough, Kent, were married at St. Thomas's, Southborough

The EPICURE'S Biscuit

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"The Vanishing Lady"

(Continued from page 490)

hope of finding such a person or persons he spent part of his first week's wages on a knife. It was a workmanlike weapon, beautifully sharp, and of a type popular among mulattoes.

Really it would seem that they had discharged him from the asylum a little too soon. But two months went by, and George, living his own life in his own way, steered clear of trouble. He was saving himself for the Great Moment.

None can guess when or for what cause the cord *would have snapped*—as inevitably it must have snapped—if George had kept away from one of the local music halls. He had not previously been to one, and it was very unfortunate that he should have chosen a performance in which Yo Hun, the alleged Chinese illusionist, headed the bill.

Yo Hun, whom subsequent revelation proved to be one of the considerable family of Brown, had a repertoire of tricks which were not good for the sight of George in his present mental condition. Hitherto he had seen only the most elementary conjuring. And he came from a part of the country where they still believe in black magic.

Yo Hun's best trick—the one which he kept until the end of his performance—was a variation of the Vanishing Lady. She was a charming young creature in white tights who stepped into a great glass-walled cupboard suspended from above. Yo Hun walked all around the glass with a lighted flare in his hand to show that there was no possible hiding-place for the lady. He then set spinning the great glass receptacle containing her. She was visible twirling inside it until he fired a pistol. Then the white gleam



D.S.C.

Sub-Lieutenant E. B. Marland, R.N.V.R., has been awarded the D.S.C. for courage and resource in successful attacks on enemy submarines. He is the son of Mr. Harry Marland, of Rusthall House, Tunbridge Wells, Kent

vanished. Yo Hun stilled the spinning glass. And lo! the interior was quite plainly empty.

George watched the prodigy and felt suddenly sick and ill before the first burst of applause. When that salvo thundered forth from everywhere around him he heard something sharper and even louder. It seemed that something had exploded inside his head. He leaned forward, his dilated eyes studying every detail of Yo Hun's

face, penetrating a make-up which had not been greatly lavish.

Then he rose and staggered out of the theatre—before the vanished lady triumphantly and mysteriously reappeared in one of the boxes.

George went round to the stage door and stood outside for more than half an hour. He fidgeted, stamping his feet and working his shoulders. He held something in his right hand which travelled on up his sleeve—as if he too knew a conjuring trick.

He kept the knife hidden there until he needed it. And that was when Yo Hun, some of the make-up still upon his face, stepped out muffled in a vast tweed overcoat.

George leaped upon him like a snake, and like a snake he struck. Even some within the auditorium heard the scream of a man whose wound was mortal. There was a rush of hands to the stage door. They saw George pick himself up from off the body and hold up the dripping steel. They heard words which sounded meaningless to ears dulled with horror.

"That'll learn him—that'll learn him—to make girls disappear!"

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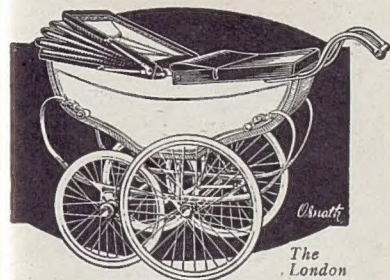
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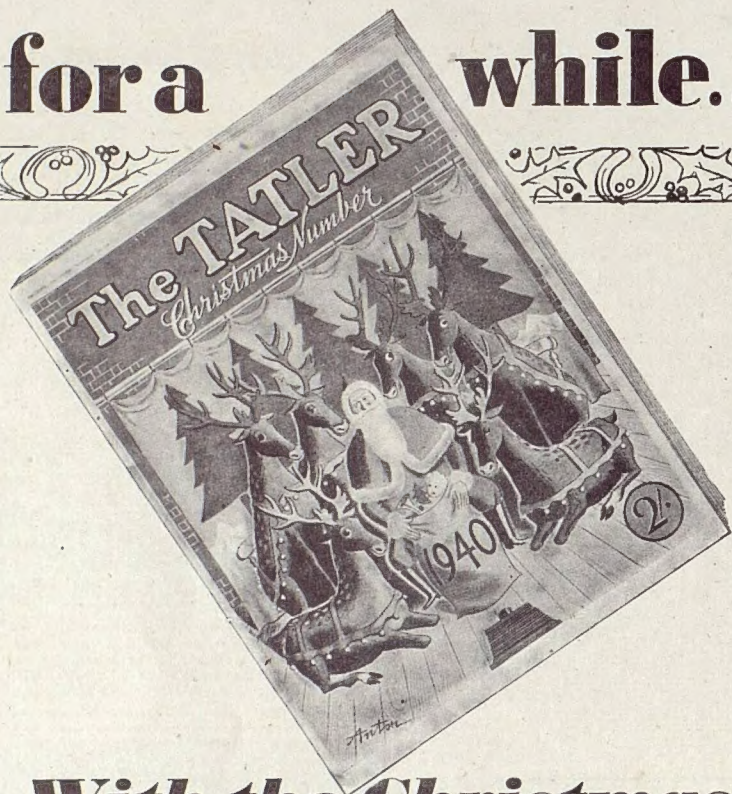
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